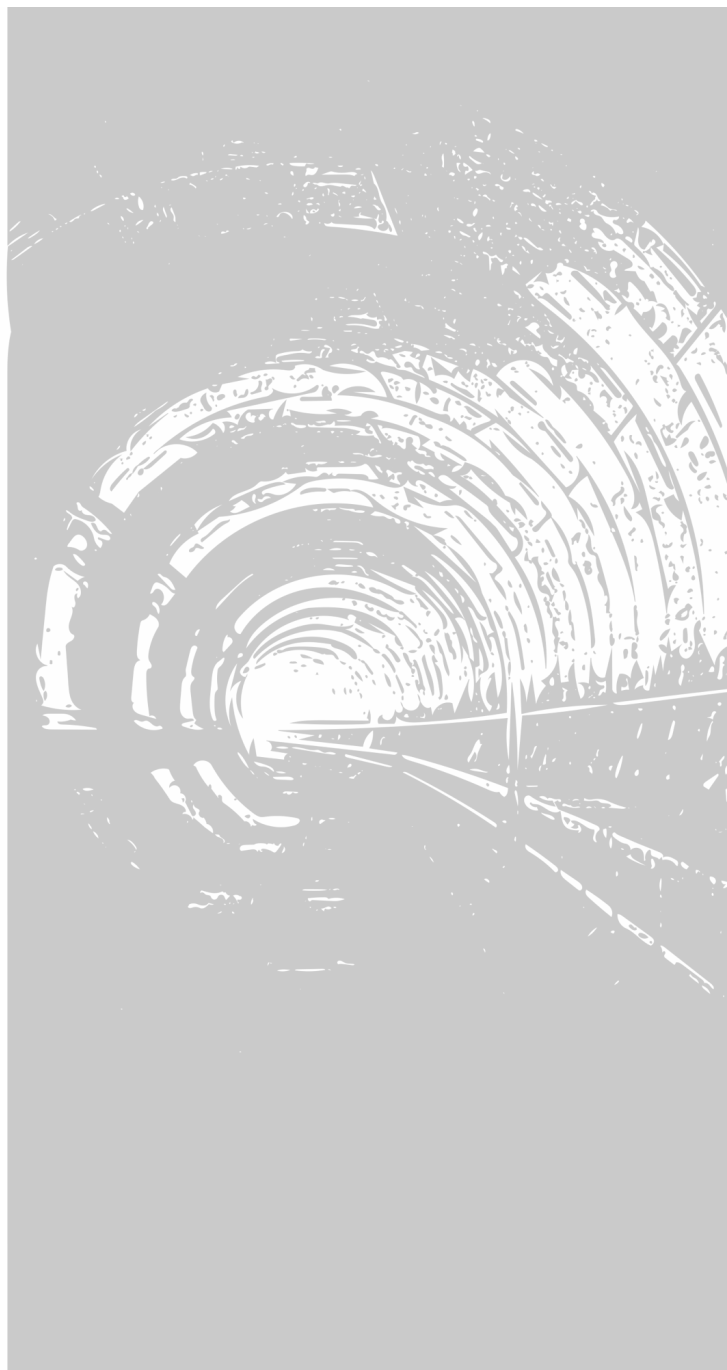


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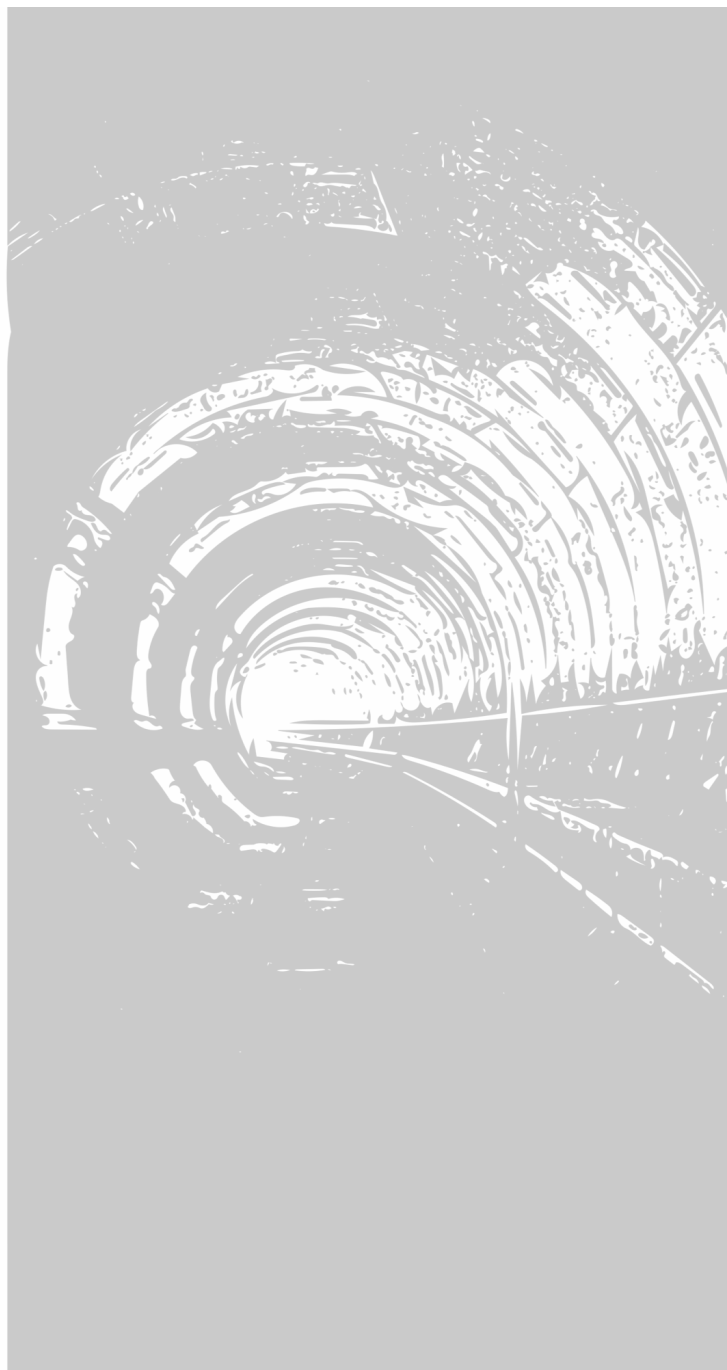
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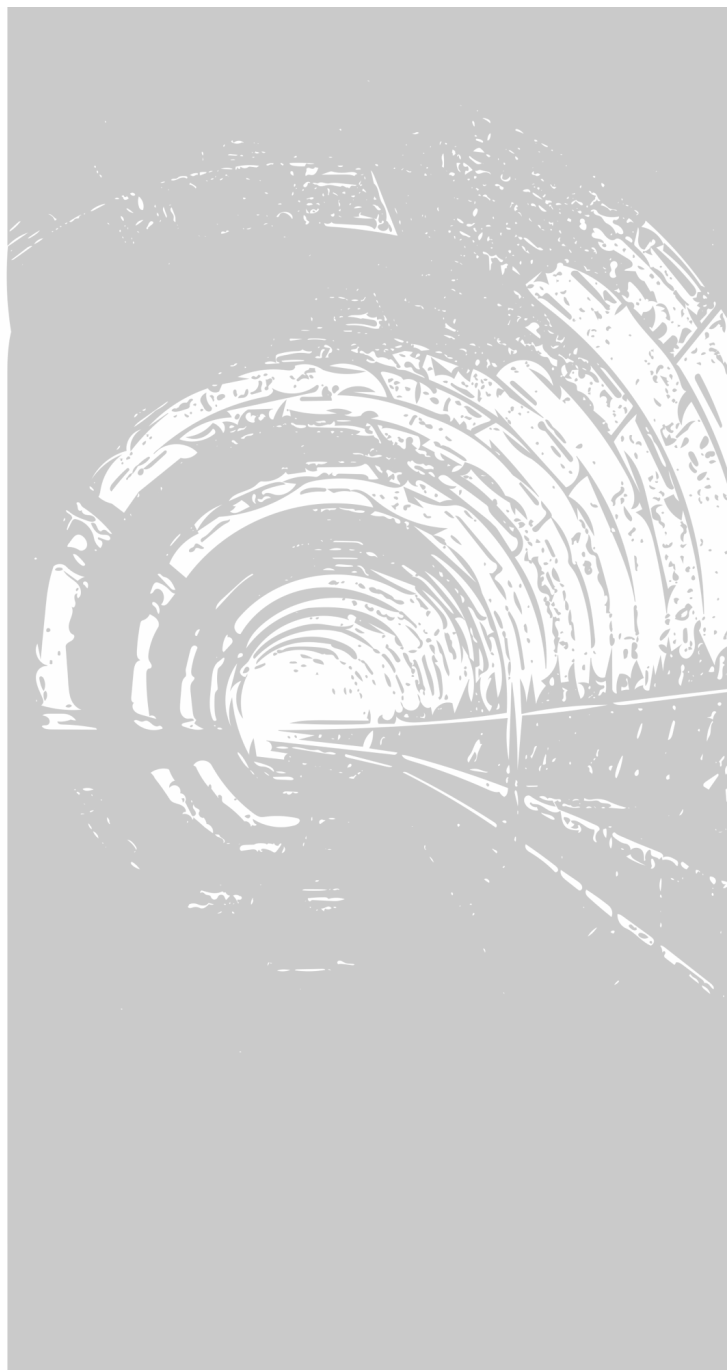
After the fall of gas bombs and OBJ thermonuclear weapons on Prague, humanity moved mainly underground. To the metro or to silos on the outskirts of the city. Where bombs did not fall or gas did not reach, people learned to live on supplies available from the surface. Yet this story begins on the periphery.

Lužiny and Hůrka stations, where people started to live even in the subway tube, the only possible place in the Prague metro where the passage was above ground. Here resided a few individuals who communicated with both stations. It was a strange group of people who decided to hide here first. It was because of the sudden events that the area began to be bombarded with gas bombs. Thermobaric weapons also began to fall into this right away. After that, the entire subway was filled with people. So as one of them would say: -„Long before I did not hear the sirens or remember. I feel that it is even

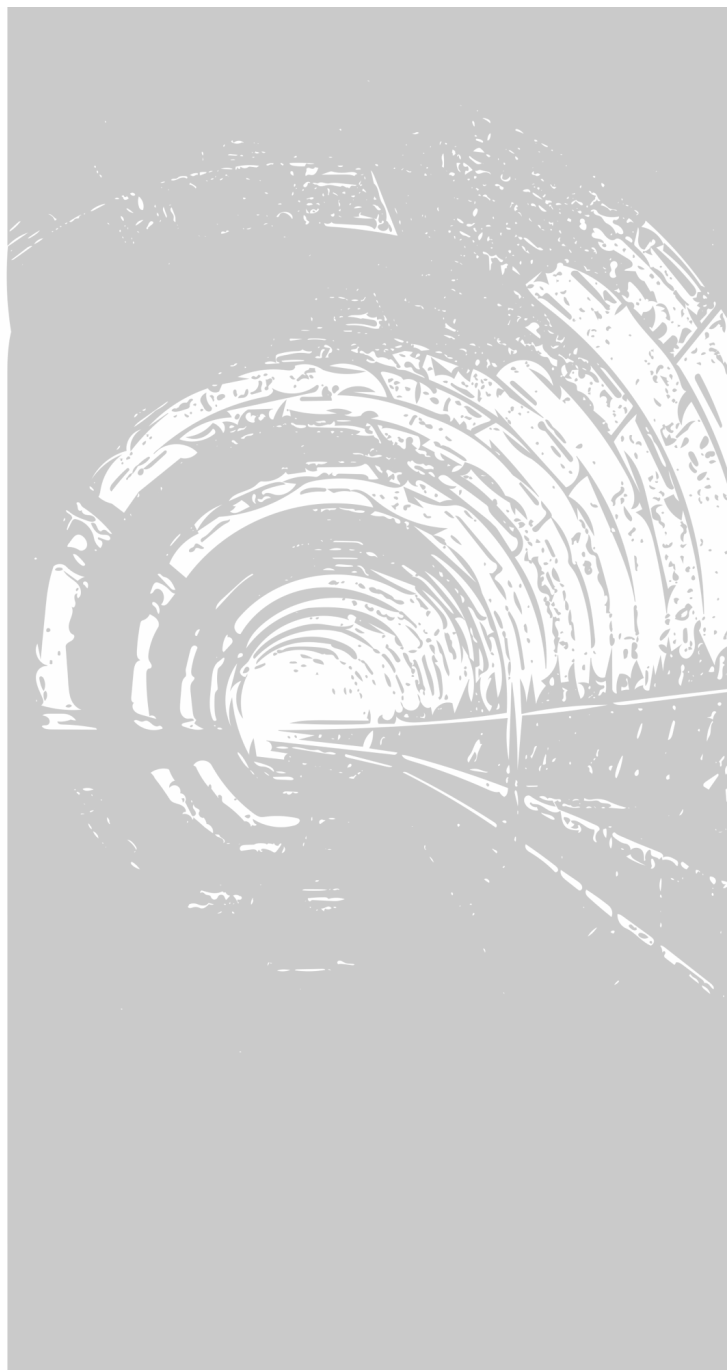


before, at the beginning of III. The <sup>[OBJ]</sup> world wars were no longer even their trials. Until suddenly in the middle of the night!" They had to quickly run to the subway, as megaphones on the buildings echoed among them the instructions:

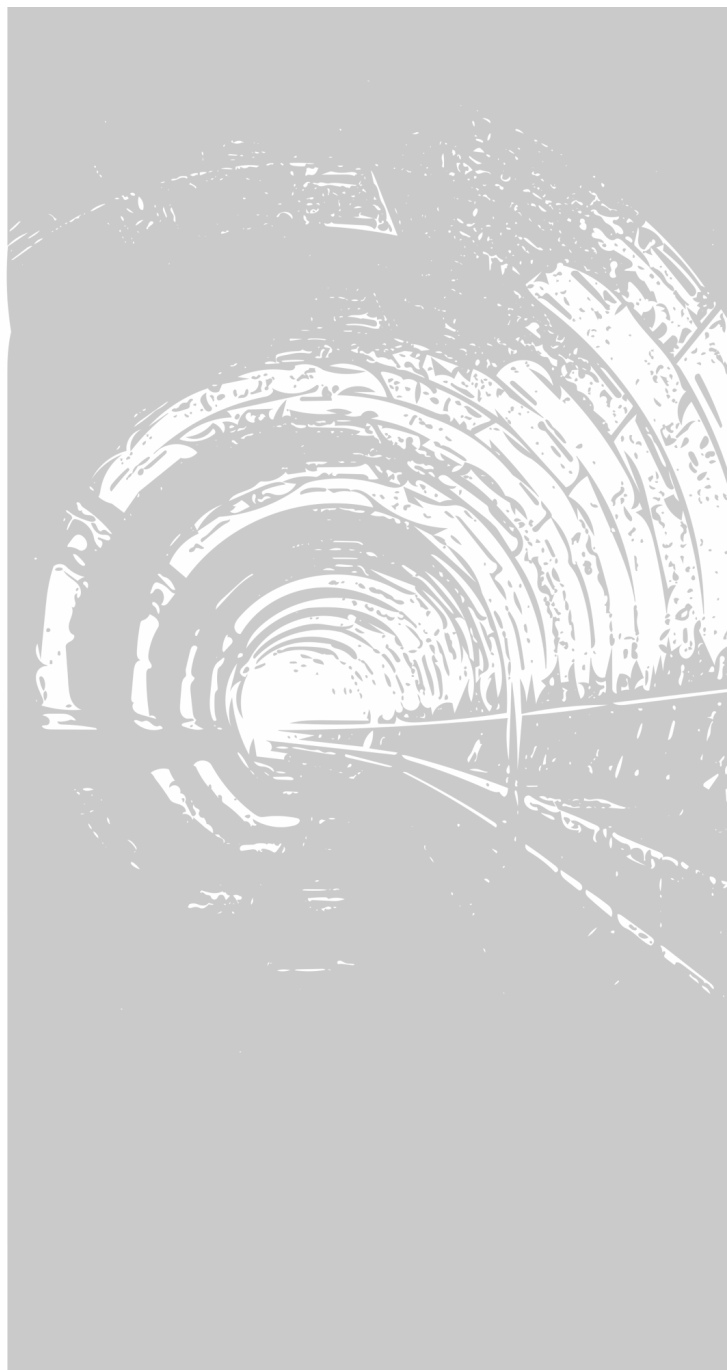
-, „This is not a test! Get to the nearest shelter!" Sirens screamed. It was the only thing the local families could make out in the noise of the explosions and the chaos of the people. The whole thing sounded like a bad song. They had to take whole families and lead them into the underground shelters of the metro stations around the elementary schools, which stood between the block of flats. Most people watched them from their family apartments from every floor every day. However, after the outbreak of air raids, they lost all their function. One bomb landed directly on one of these elementary schools, and gas from the gas bombs added to it. The whole



thing exploded with the nearby winter<sup>[OBJ]</sup> stadium standing in the direct vicinity of it. The entire space around was filled with gas in the ground layer and it mixed with the explosion of the thermobaric bomb. The whole thing caught on and a complete inferno ensued. Parts of these two buildings flew into the surroundings and fatally damaged other buildings around. The explosion blew out most of the windows in all the nearby buildings. Those that remained in their frames cracked. The people who survived this had to immediately go inside the subway, which after closing became a shelter for the preserved population. You could see how the whole housing estate was coming together and in order for the next station as well. In short, as far as the eye could see was utter chaos, confusion and mass death. They remained locked inside until it was deemed safe to venture out to the surface again. Which



was only ten years later. He began a OBJ survey of the terrain around the station and everything else that was not destroyed by the bomb. Fortunately, only one fell in the immediate vicinity. Nevertheless, she did enough damage to all the locals at the time as well as future generations. The children who grew up in the stations voluntarily learned new and different ways of life as well as education and farming. In every family, they indulged in horse and kunis, horse milk, as the most nutritious dinner. The breeding of this meat here in the underground originated from a small herd imported by a nearby circus. Finally, after ten years, they had a herd of 20 animals. From all of them to everything, but gradually. Mainly for leather and driving. That's why two middle-aged men now set out to inspect the outdoor environment. Suddenly one of them was frantically waving his arms and fell

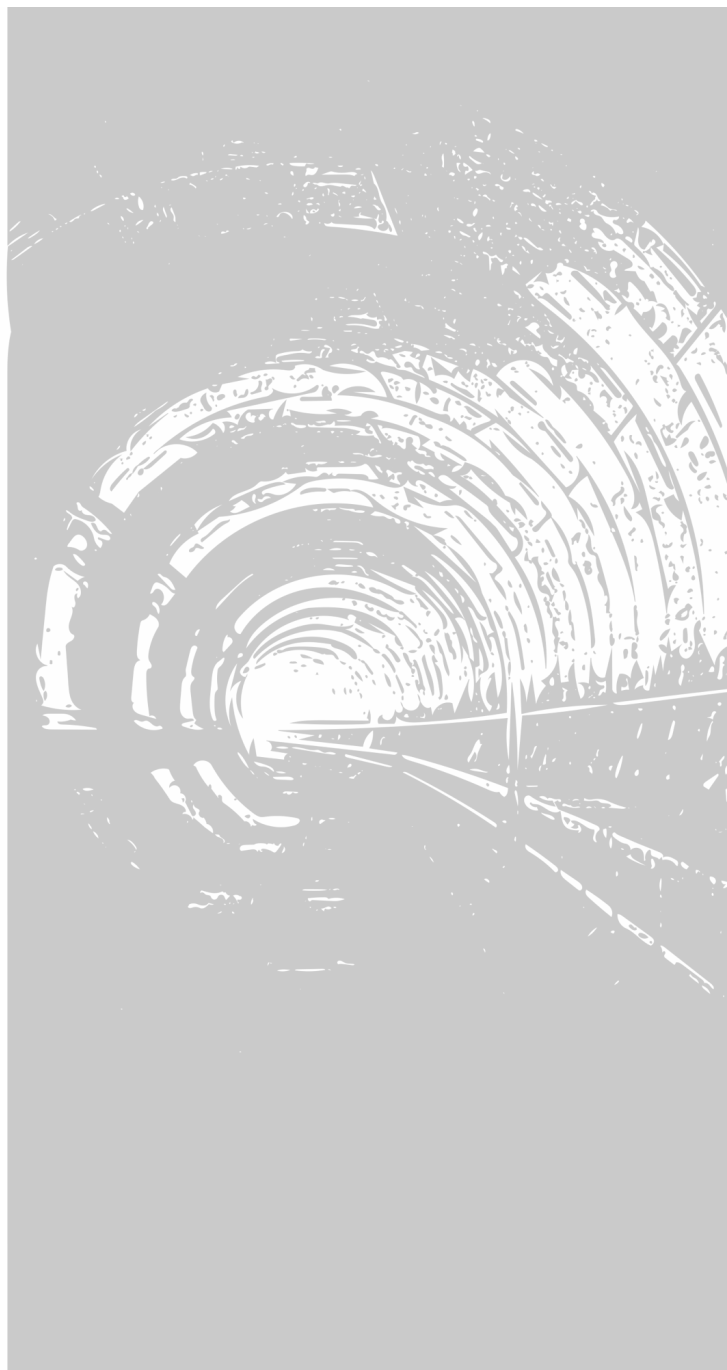




off his horse. Luckily they weren't that<sup>[OBJ]</sup> tall. At that the other jumped down and ran to him. He discovered that his gas mask filter had failed and he was breathing in gassed toxic air. If he replaced it with a spare now, it still wouldn't help. The horses had their own, which they made in the subway. Now they had to go back. He caught both horses and lifted his mate onto their shoulders. He led them back to the station where he called for backup. Several people came out and helped carry the wounded man to the station area where they tended to the wounded. Suddenly, the level on the dosimeter of one of the men rose.

-“Please turn off the radio,” he said. The woman, a nurse, veiled rather than show her charred body, scowled at him but did so anyway. The infirmary already knew how to deal with the man and now asked for calm. So the men went out.

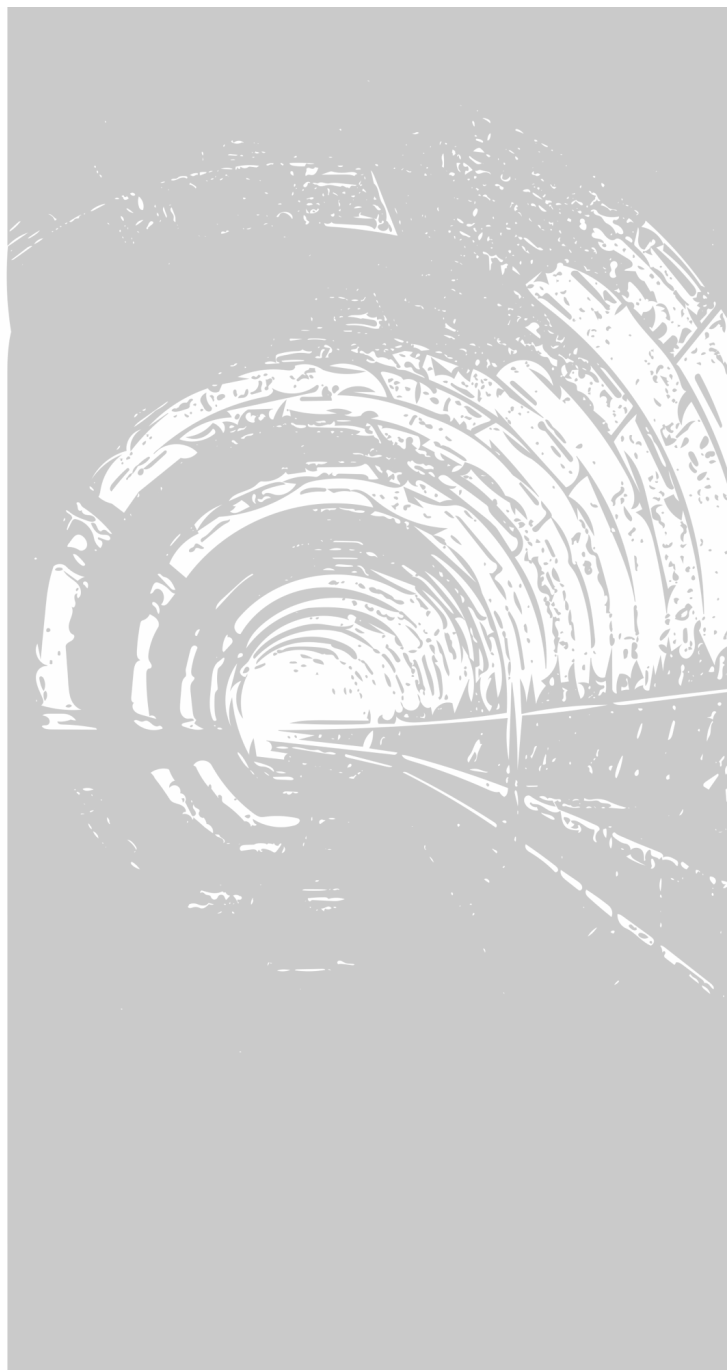
-,What happened?”



-„His filter failed and he inhaled<sup>[OBJ]</sup> toxins before he could replace a new one." Two men out of three began to speak, for the third went with the horses to their place. The common path led them into the bowels of the subway. While the horses were re-herd in the hangar as a second and unofficial entrance and exit from the subway, the men went their separate ways in conversation. They both took off their gas masks and both recognized their neighbor in each other.

-„I have already seen you here a few times. You live here by those plastic palm trees in the subway.”

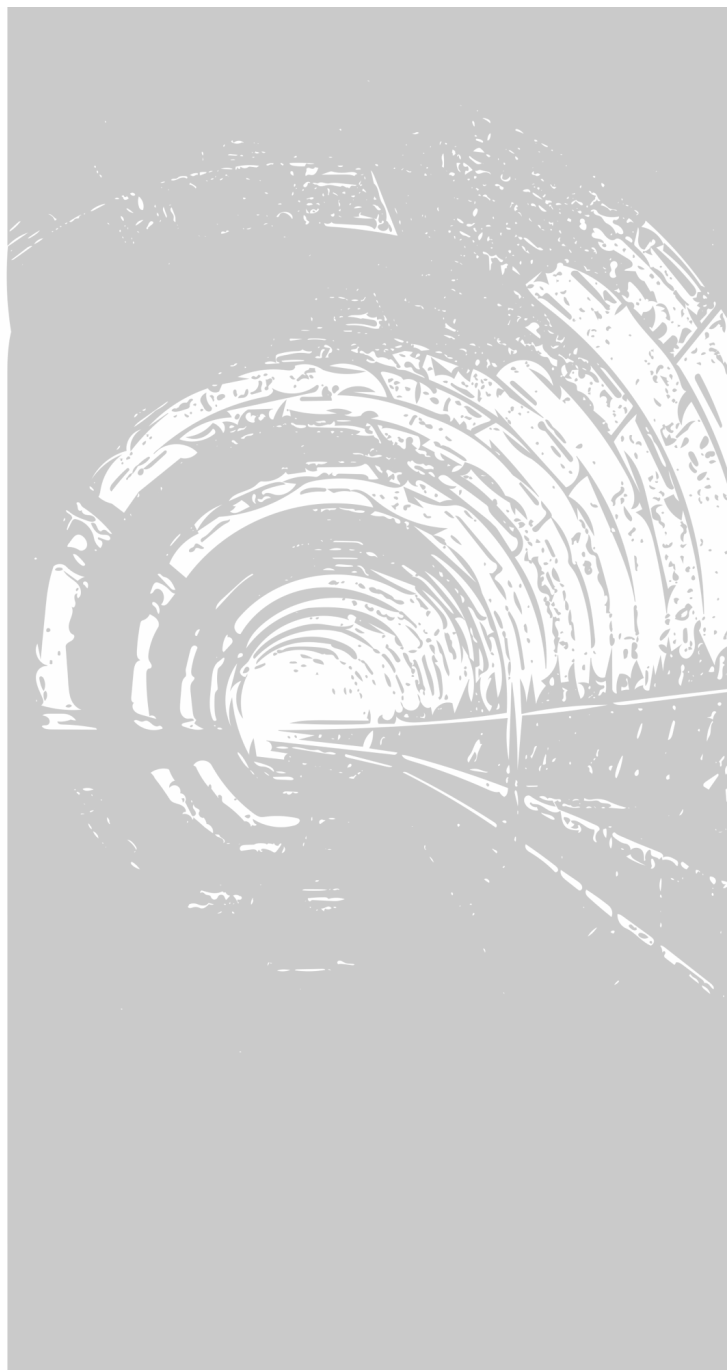
-„Yeah! And you again in the tube." They were already drowned out by the noise of the rest of the people demanding to know what had happened to the poor man. Information about everything new spread around the subway as fast as the subway itself once did. It was still running, but only supposedly deep in the



central part of the city's underground. OBJ  
Of course, only allegedly. These messages were mostly brought here by travelers from the center. Mostly tourists who have decided to explore the airport to see if it is possible to fly out. But it was located very far beyond the range of intricate subway corridors, as it did not have its own station. This made it more difficult to get there, let alone leave the protective walls of the subway. Of course, the residents of the Prague metro have not heard from any of those who left its premises. No one knew their ultimate fate. That's why they preferred to stay holed up in the subway and try to adapt to life there.

-,,Are you an explorer too? Asked a man named Filip, who was the savior of his partner, the other man who was helping him.

-,,No, I'm just monitoring what's happening in the subway. The Tubus, that is, the tunnel above the ground in which



I live, is a well-known travel<sup>[OBJ]</sup> destination. Everyone who passes by will talk to me, because I will record him," he told about the place between Lužiny and Hůrka stations, where he lived.

-, „So you are ..."

-, „Writer," answered the man and shook his hand. "My name is Dominik."

-, „Filip," came the feedback.

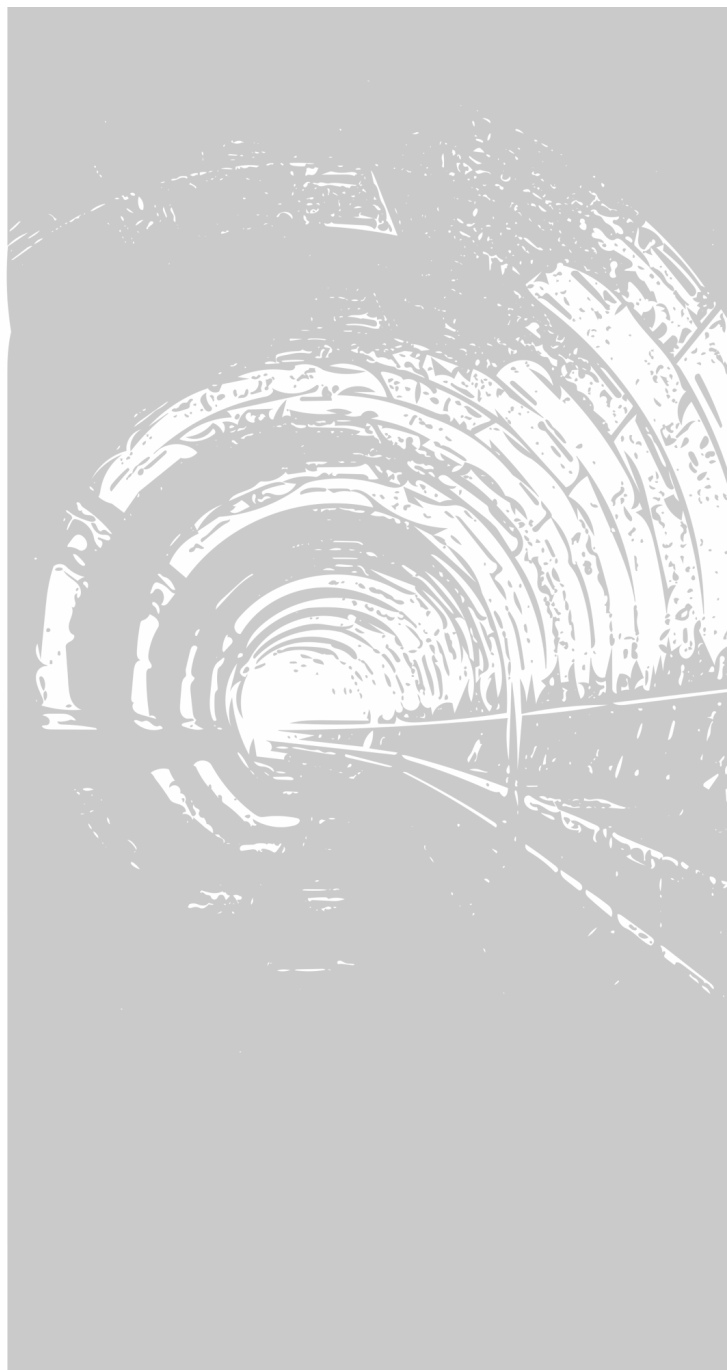
-, „So you record the fates of people who pass by?"

-, „Even those who live here," he clarified.

-, „And how did you get to that?"

-, „I've been doing it since time immemorial. Even before the sky fell on our heads," he replied like a true Celt. They always had a tendency to crawl underground before danger. she goes in through the tube and I exchange at least a few words with her." -, „Are you talking about mutants? Filip was taken aback.

-, „No. I'm just tightening," he grinned and put the index finger of his right hand





under his tight turtleneck and measured the gap between the textile and the skin with a graceful movement.

-, „By creatures, of course, I mean people,“ he finally stated seriously.

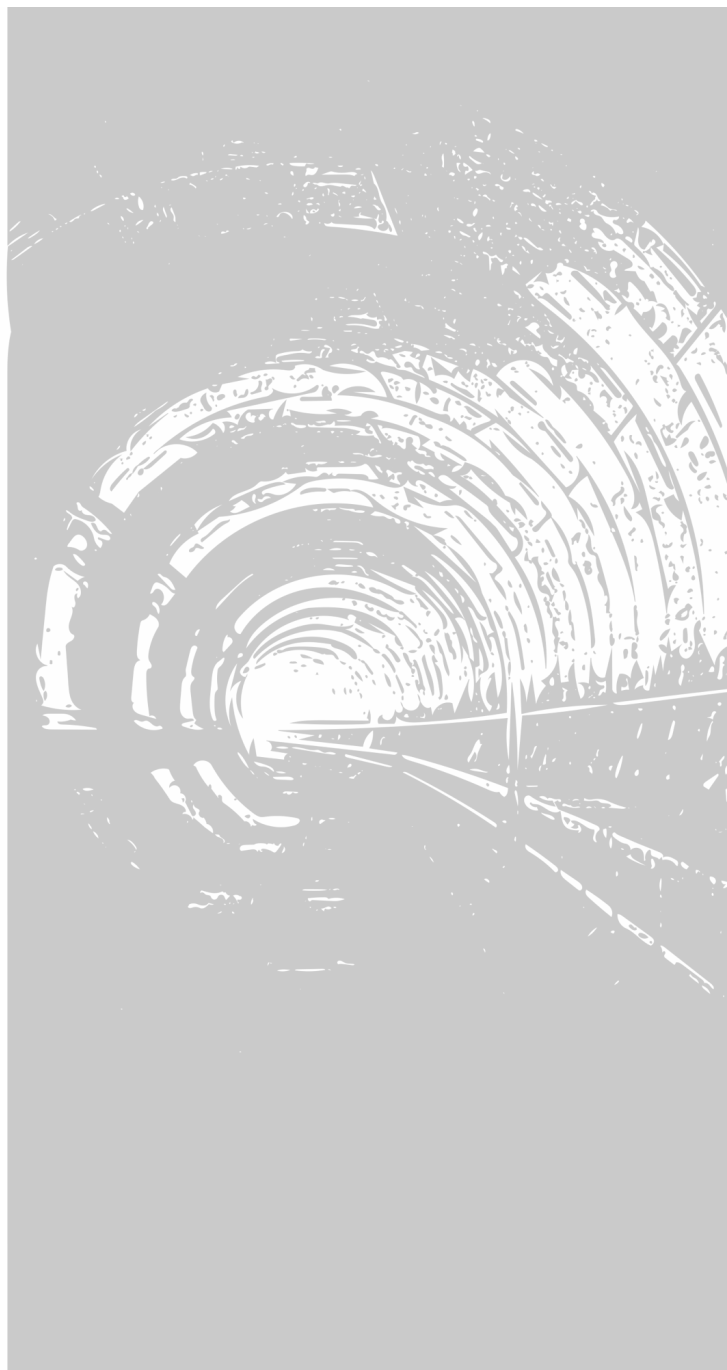
-, „The war ruined my entire literary career, so at least I'm doing what I can. Have you ever been in the tube?“

-, „Not yet,“ he answered.

-, „Come on, there's an interesting view,“ they set off through a tunnel lined with angular lighting. He led him to the raised area of the rail, where he had his own dwelling like everyone else.

He even had several neighbors here. Before his dwelling, they faced the transparent round wall, which was all along this previously passable overhang.

-, „It really is a nice view from here,“ commented Filip. Below them, the surface of the lake reflected, above which the remaining vapors of poisonous gases spread like a ghostly fog. Around let the park and its mouth into the Prokop



valley.-,,I originally thought that it was<sup>[OBJ]</sup> only orange gas that puts you to sleep," the explorer admitted.

-,,Well, it's a pity that it's not paradise gas," the writer replied to him.

-,,House!" Someone called out behind them in a soft voice. Philip turned while Dominik remained motionless, staring out. There stood an old woman. Wrapped in a grandmother's robe. Yet her face preserved the grace of a lady of her years.

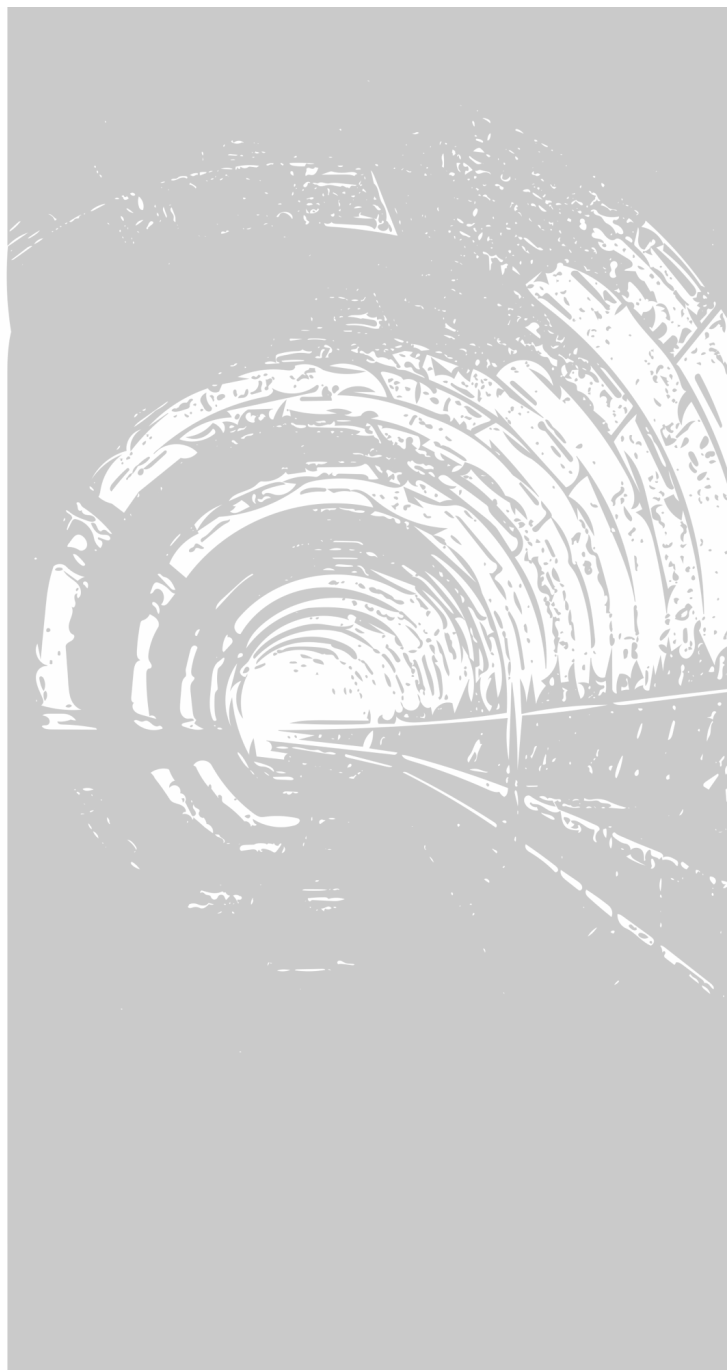
-,,Come when you have a moment for toilet paper," she announced out loud. Then she crawled into their abode again. Dominic was silent.

-,,That's your...."

-,,Creator, yes," he finished the sentence again for him with his designation for mother.

-,,Speaking of which, I have to go to the stables. Agree when the horse will be slaughtered again. Will you join?"

-,,That's good, it will be a fresh portion



of protein." OBJ

-,,That too, but above all... I need to be there." The explorer was silent.

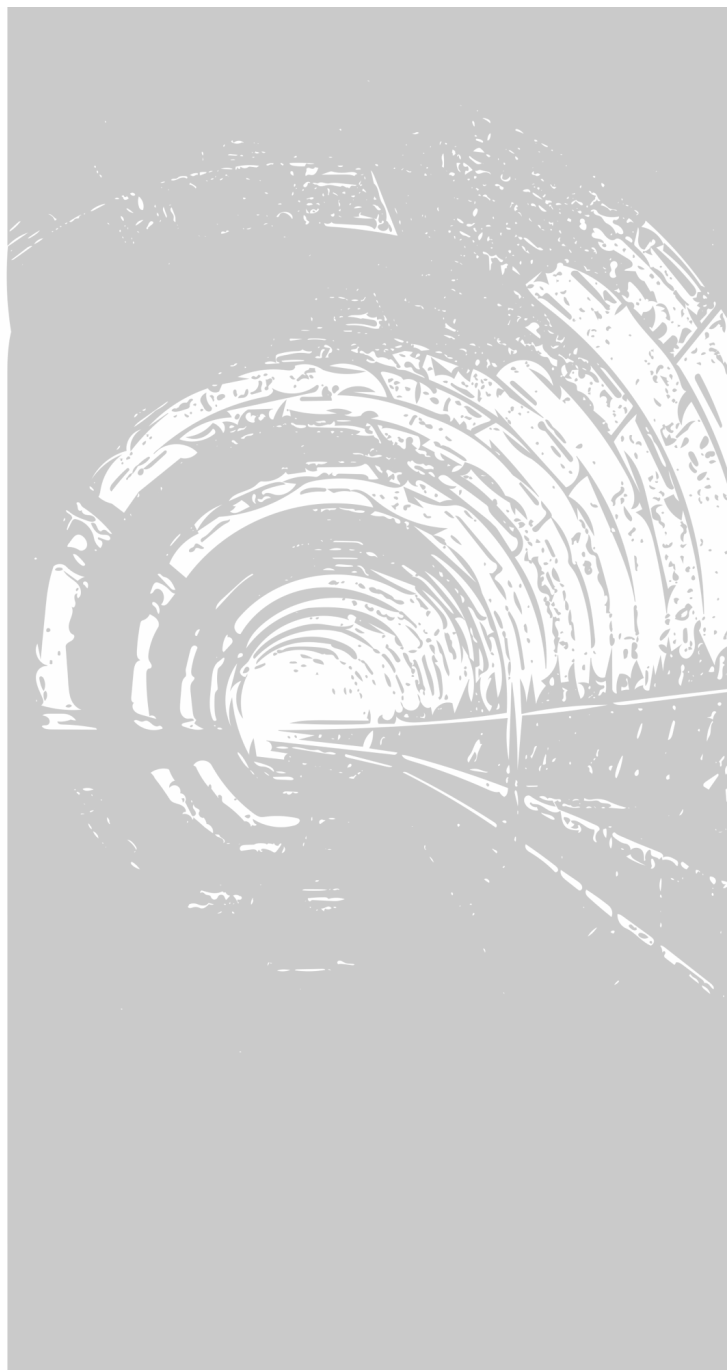
-,,Well, one more thing," out of nowhere, the writer pulled out a small notebook and a pen.

-,,Do you have something on your mind that I could record for others? He asked him carefully. Philip looked surprised. He looked out through the transparent wall.

-,,I guess anyone who goes out should check their gas mask and filters."

The same sentence was written down without further notes by his fellow-looker. -,,Are you having fun with that junkie? A voice came from behind them again. A stranger this time. Philip looked back again. He was a neighbor. He looked back at Dominik, what was he going to say about that, or how should he interpret it.

-,,I have diabetes. My mother has to inject me with insulin intravenously



twice a day. These annoying people are OBJ forever sticking their noses where they don't belong," he got the answer. Better than none.

-, „I would be quite interested in what you have recorded during the time we have been living here."

-, „There is a lot of it. Sometimes four people a day pass the tube, sometimes none. But every time he pauses here for the view. I'll be happy to show it to you sometime, it's quite interesting."

-, „Then why not now?"

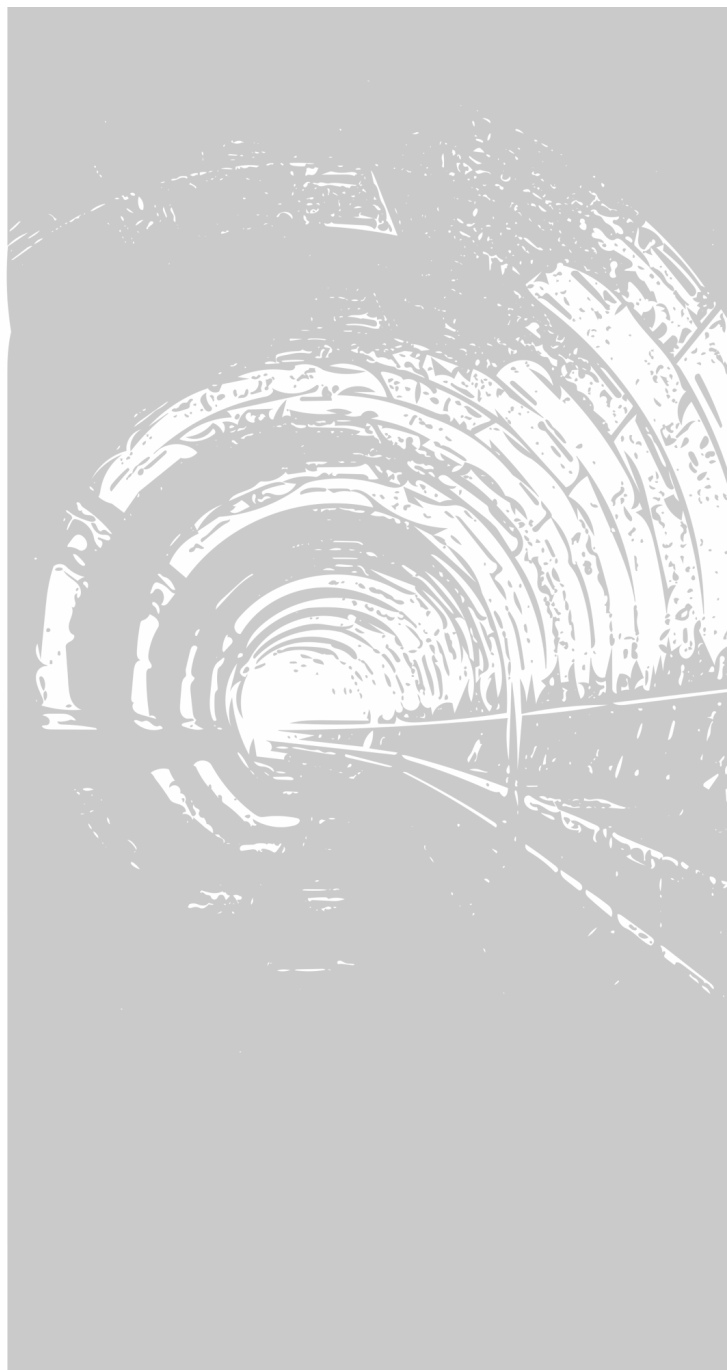
-, „That is also true," he added. He flicked through his notebook.

-, „And. Here. I have a few notes about neighboring stations that I have heard.

I can start here as we look at it -

Prokop Valley. It is a well-known fact that there has always been a military base specialized in laboratory research.

I suppose with both organic and synthetic substances. Of course, no one has ventured there yet. But one thing is





certain. They're wrong if anyone says <sup>[OBJ]</sup> it's dead there," he said loudly, so that even the neighbor behind them could hear him. A chill ran down Filip's spine after that. The neighbor smirked and crawled into his makeshift shack.

-,,Mutants..," another stranger whispered in the darkness of the tunnel. Philip looked around, but saw no one.

-,,Oh horror," the writer broke the tense silence out loud.

-,,It's time to go to the station."

-,,Wait," Filip stopped him.

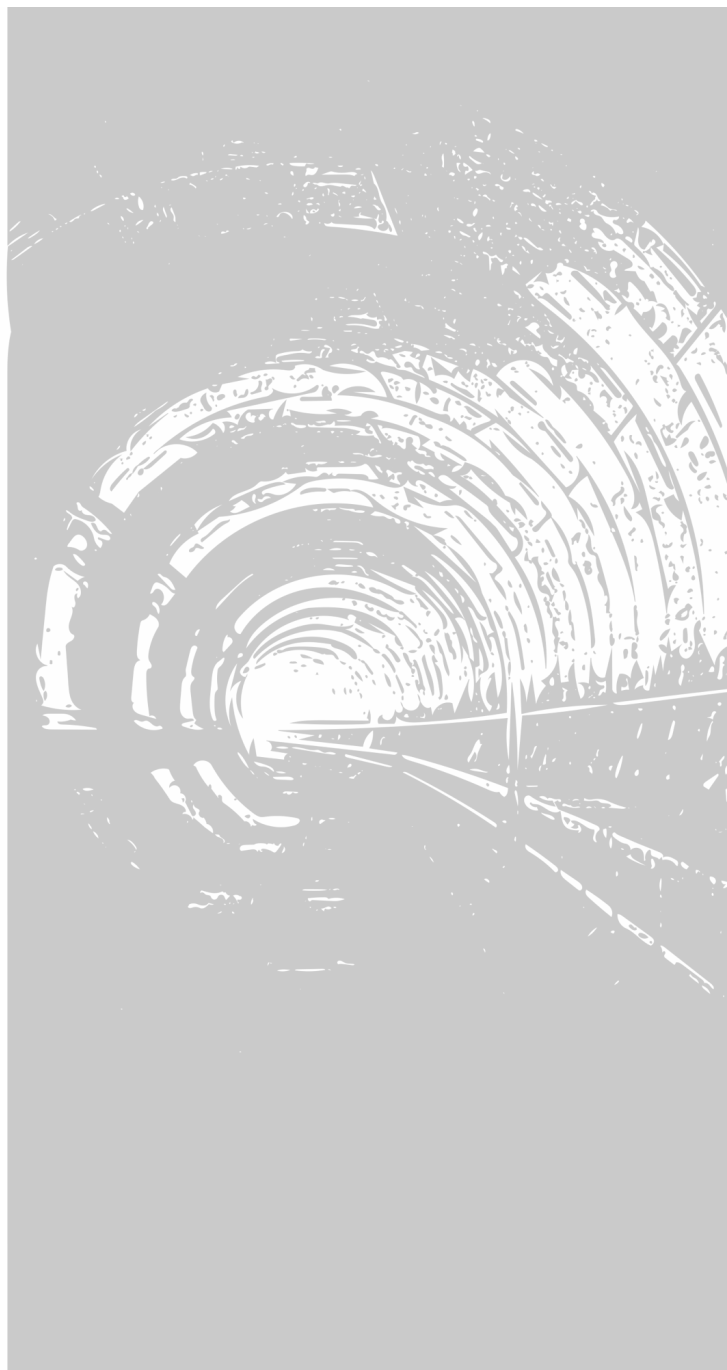
-,,I'm more interested," he added.

-,,Well, fine. And what are you interested in?"

-,,I'm interested in how it looks in the subway."

-,,You are not the only one. Of course, who goes somewhere where mutants live voluntarily?" The writer raised a rhetorical question.

-,,I'm not going to believe these stories about mutants," Filip struggled.



-„Would you believe what kind of real<sup>[OBJ]</sup> creatures can live in the subway?

Dominik laid out the subway map in front of them.

-„I don't believe in any monsters," said Filip.

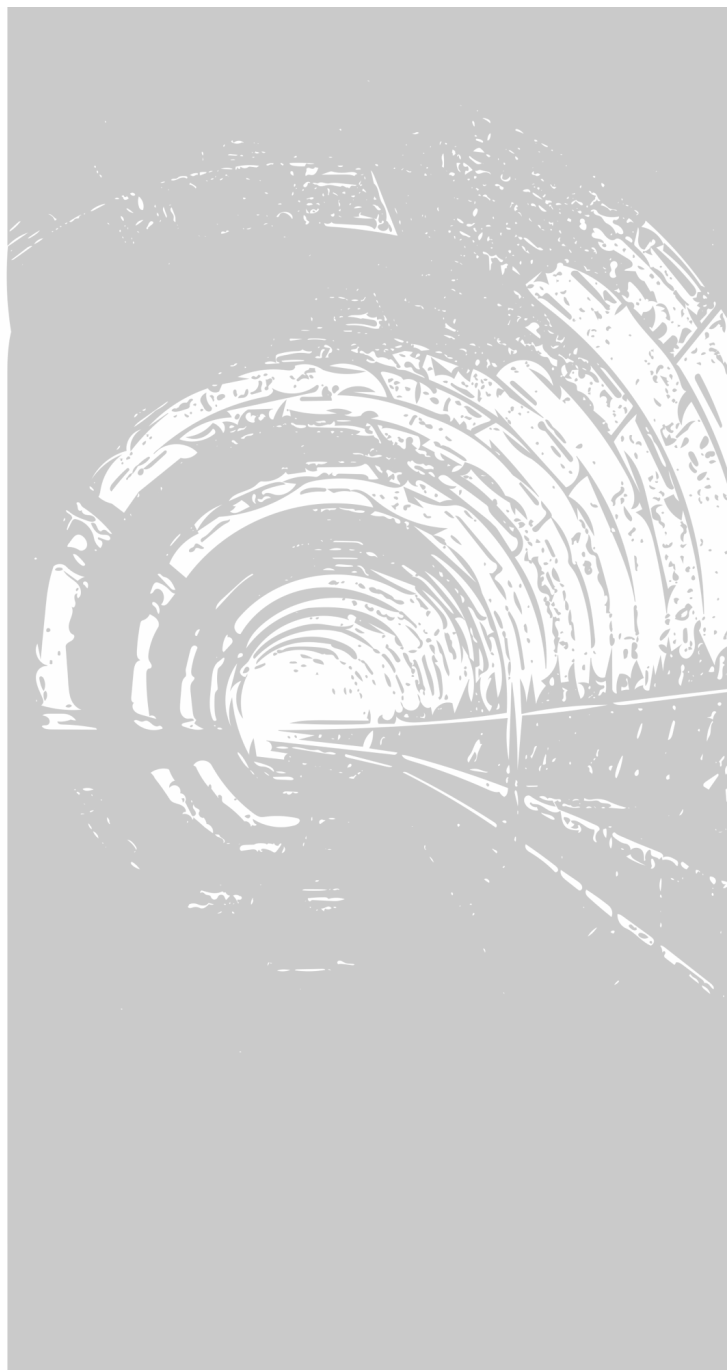
-„You are doing well," the writer praised him in his own way.

-„That is, in these notes of mine I have exact descriptions of the most monstrous creatures that this underground world has experienced. If you are really brave enough and tough enough to face it, I dare you to continue.”

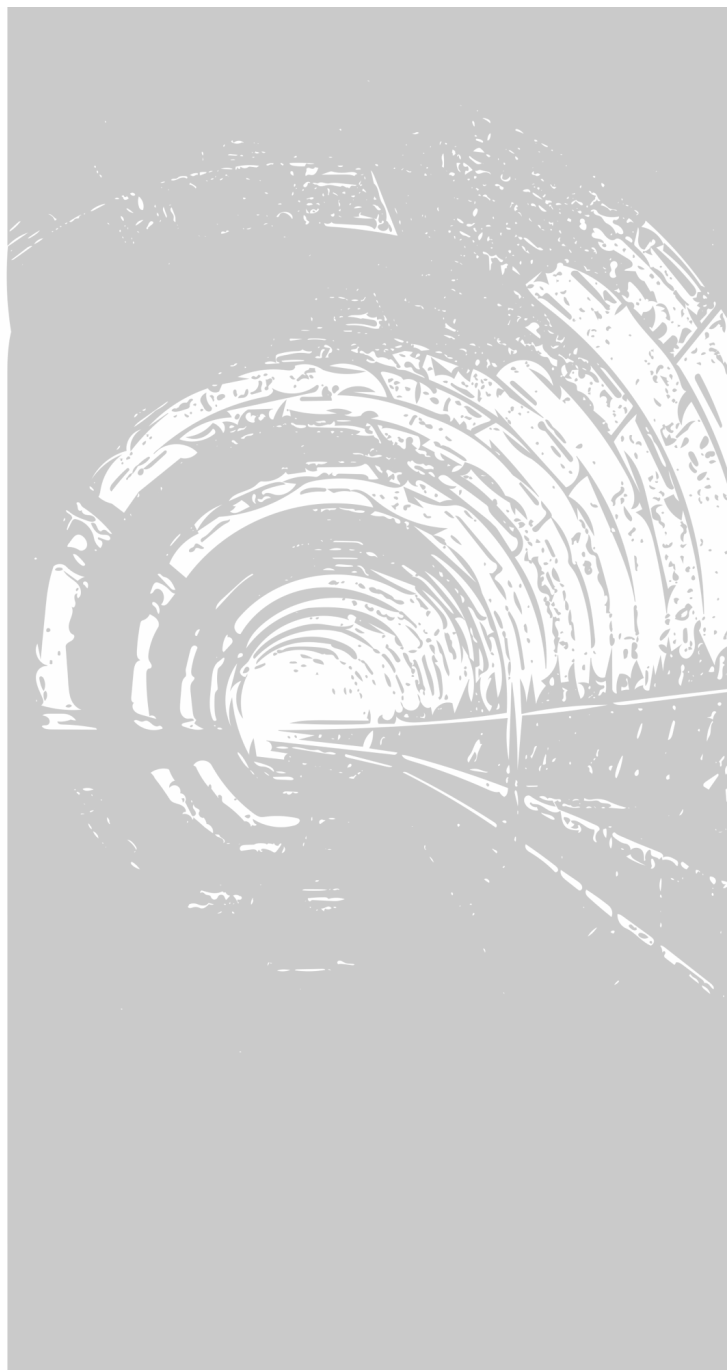
-„I'll take it right from the end of our line:


Zličín

-„It is close to the Czech word combination bad act. That's why they also chose as a place where they send



people from the subway who have sinned something. Paradoxically, this place is large enough for people to live there in peace, but those who now have the power here, which are those who used to work for these spaces. Inspectors, riders, maintenance. And there lives one of them. Only an exceptional one is destined for this job. He was born to someone from this underground lordship. Of course, he was only human on the outside. Inside, he was close to something that was neither human nor animal like. Maybe to some kind of god, but a hideous one. This figure of the Prague metro is a kind of collector. But human bodies. The people the rest of the metro sends there are welcomed as guests. Only by one person - this collector. He dines with them and talks to them about what they have done. They are then voluntarily put to sleep with paradise gas for eternity. He then embalms them and puts them in a display



case as an object in a museum. The whole  platform is exposed like this, with signs showing what they did."

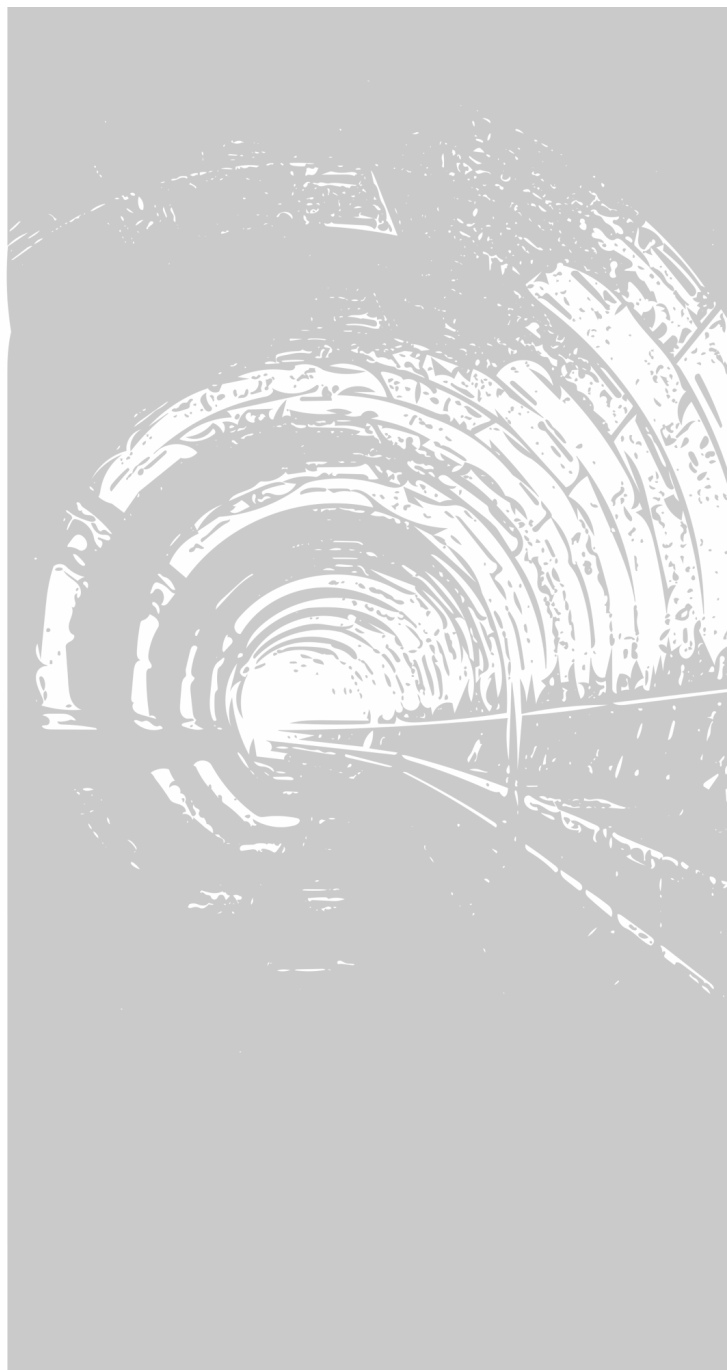
-,,And isn't it just an invention? Philip objected.

-,,You can go there and have a look, if your life is not dear to you."

-,,Well, I'd rather not. What do you have next?"

### Barns (Stodůlky)

-,,So many gas bombs fell on the barns that it made a hundred holes around the subway. People there live cut off from Zličín. They're doing well, they're working with us, and they're lucky to have a station further underground. There were no such gas vapors or radiation in them."



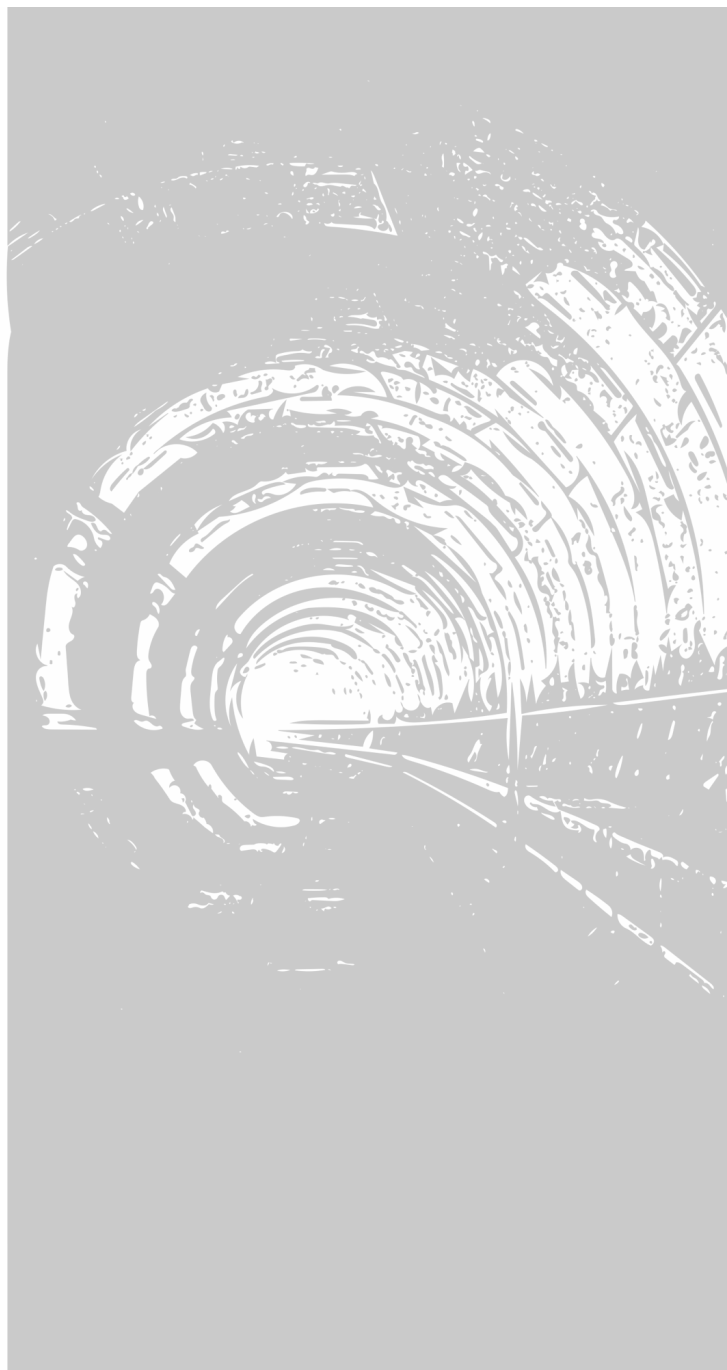


Luka<sup>[OBJ]</sup>

-,,Behind the Luka metro station, it's deserted. Wildlife reigns here and Mother Nature heals what humanity has destroyed. This station, like Lužiny and Hůrka, is relatively above ground, or insufficiently built on the surface, so a lot of radiation penetrated here, which is why nobody really lives in the station, rather like us in the tunnels."

Lowlands (Lužiny)

-,,Our station is quite shallow and used to be glass. That's why the structures above the station are boarded up. We also have it close to the water treatment plant, which is located in the park and has remained intact. Thanks to her, Hůrka and I have enough uncontaminated water."



Hůrka<sup>[OBJ]</sup>

-„She, like Luka or us, has the edges of the station boarded up, because they were glazed. Here, too, people tend to live in tunnels."

New Butovice

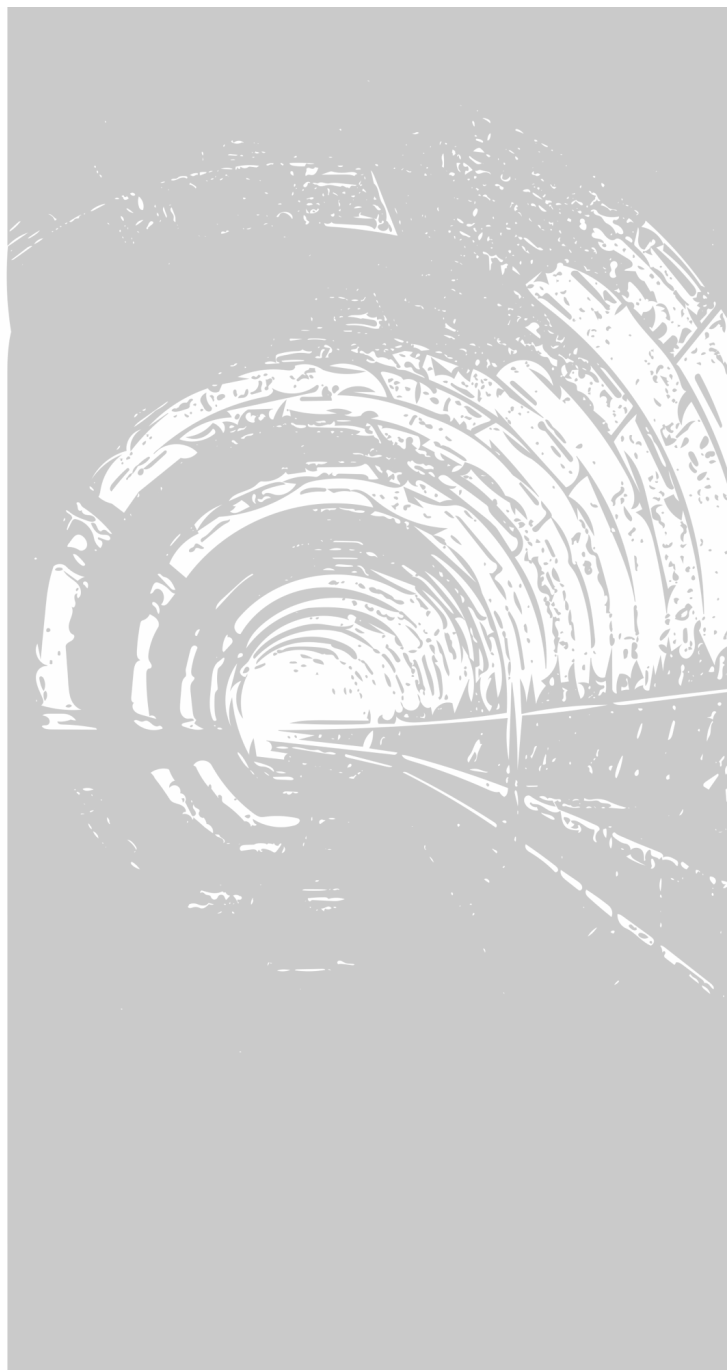
-„This station is deeper than the previous ones and you can't go higher from it, that's why it has such a fraternal relationship with Hůrka and also with us, because it is close. Nové Butovice is mainly focused on trade."

Jinonice

-„You were always different."

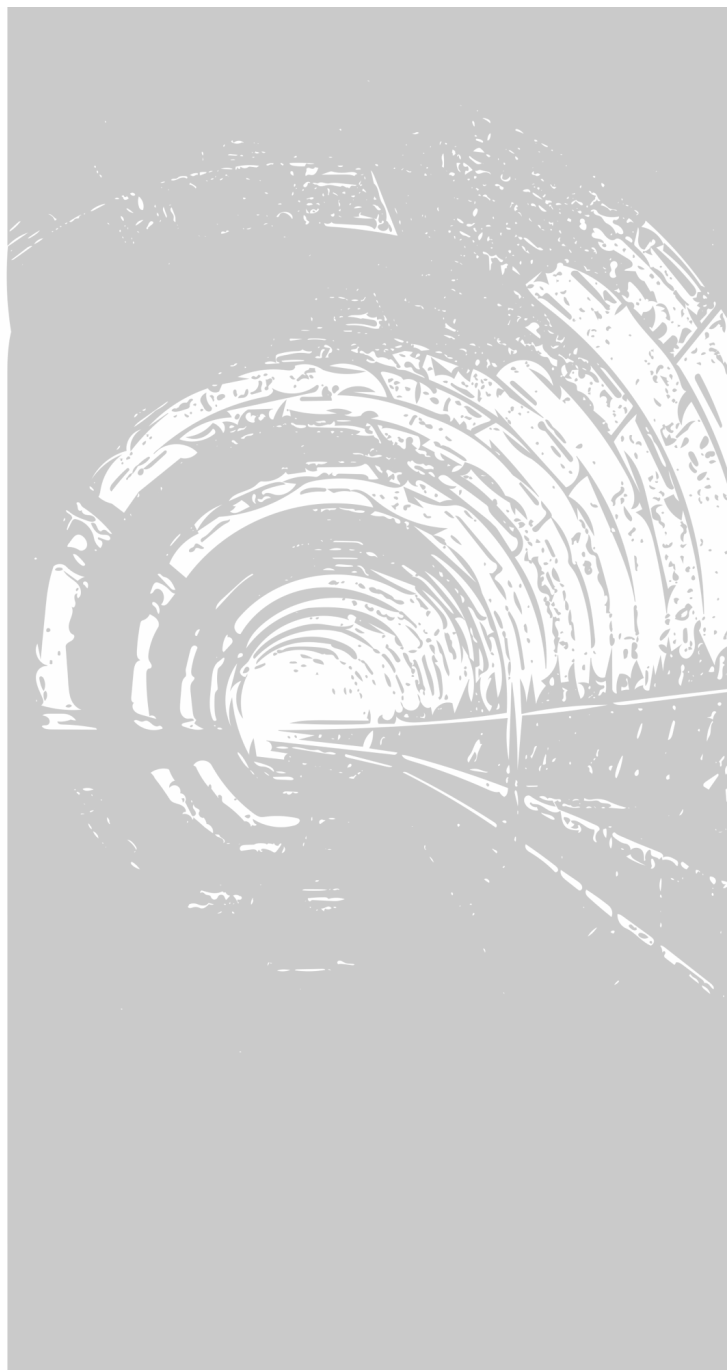
Radlická

-„They use a plow here, which means that they farm the land here and grow potatoes."



## Smíchovské nádraží<sup>[OBJ]</sup>

-, Very important station. It has a direct connection with the local Hansa before the outside, as the tunnel under the water flooded, but the bridge remained. From now on, you are at the main railway station in ten minutes, inside the Prague Hansa - that is, a connection of 5 stations. Main station, Florenc, Bridge, Museum. This is the center of the city even underground, but here people come back to the surface again. They rang the trains and fixed the rails. People from all over the metro gather here. But nothing is free. Money replaced money, of course. Today, it's whatever the other sees fit. With someone, you will succeed with pre-war currency, for example the Czech crown, the euro, or something like that. Or with a currency invented on the Internet - OTWC. Time money. Originally a proposal for a new world currency in 2022, however, it was not believed that World War III would break out in a year.



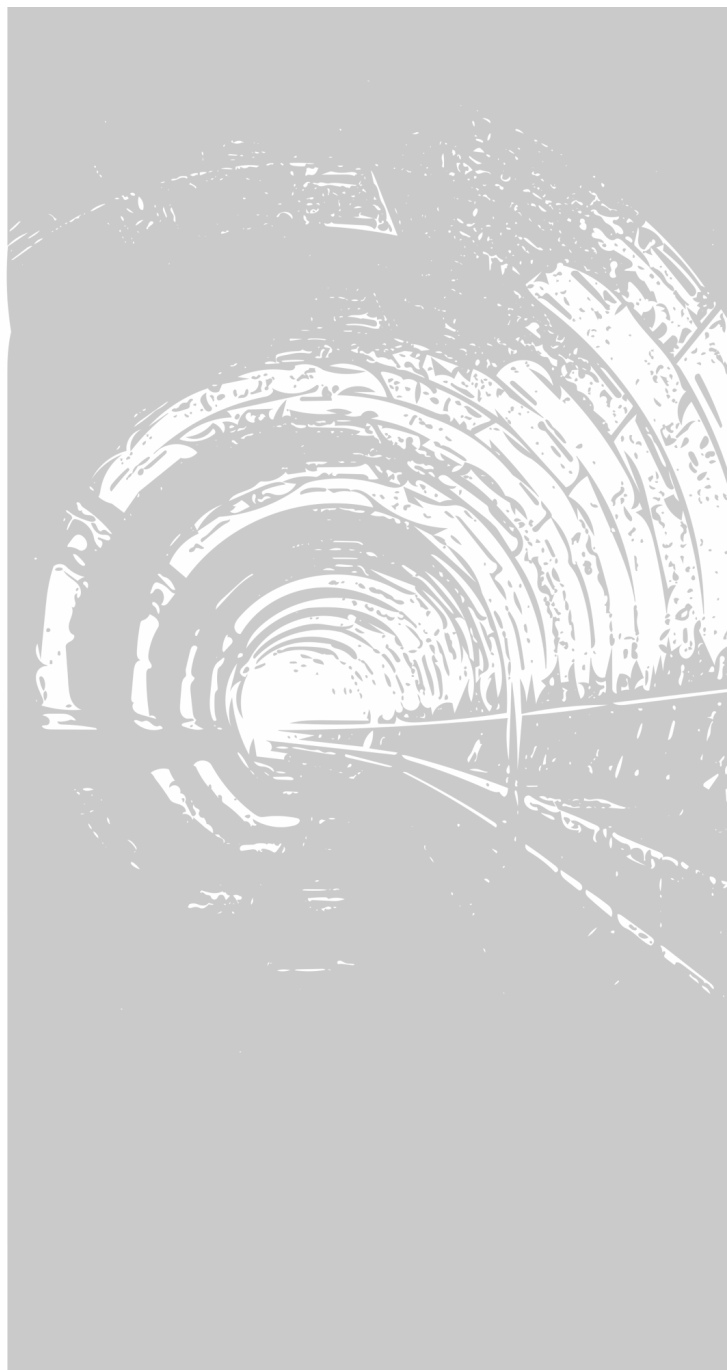
World War. But you can also try to OBJ succeed here with lids or beer glasses."

Angel (Anděl)

Here, despite the fact that the underground connection was cut off, it was possible to restore the Staropramen brewery and some Smíchov pubs were able to be put into operation again. Of course, only on the Lesser side of the river. The old town has its own. On the Little Side, there is only the tail of the green line that you can get to via the surface, though. It's not safe."

Motol Hospital

-,I really don't know who would dare to go there. One of the bombs hit directly between the majestic Petřín and her, severely burning her. Moreover, the station is not very deep or close to any other, so despite its equipment, no one is likely to live. Still, he tends to be an





easy target for stalkers from all over OBJ  
the metro."

Petriny

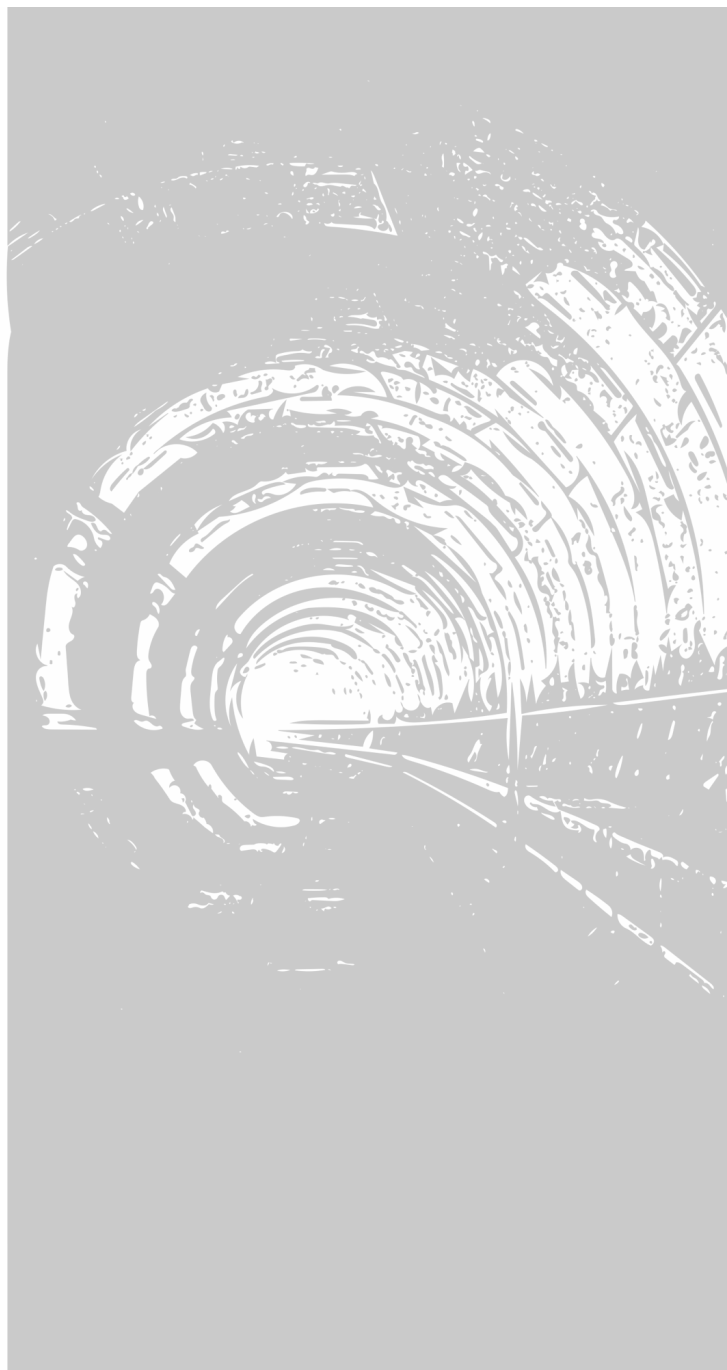
-,Lonely station with good depth. People live here, it's said that this station breeds the toughest of the metro, that's what its name says."

Veleslavín railway station

-,It is a lonely station with a direct road to the airport, but we lost connection with the airport, so we don't know anything. This station is rarely used for supplies to nearby stations."

Borislavka

-,Around this deep station where people live. The surroundings, namely the apartment buildings and the infrastructure, were completely devastated."



## Dejvická <sup>[OBJ]</sup>

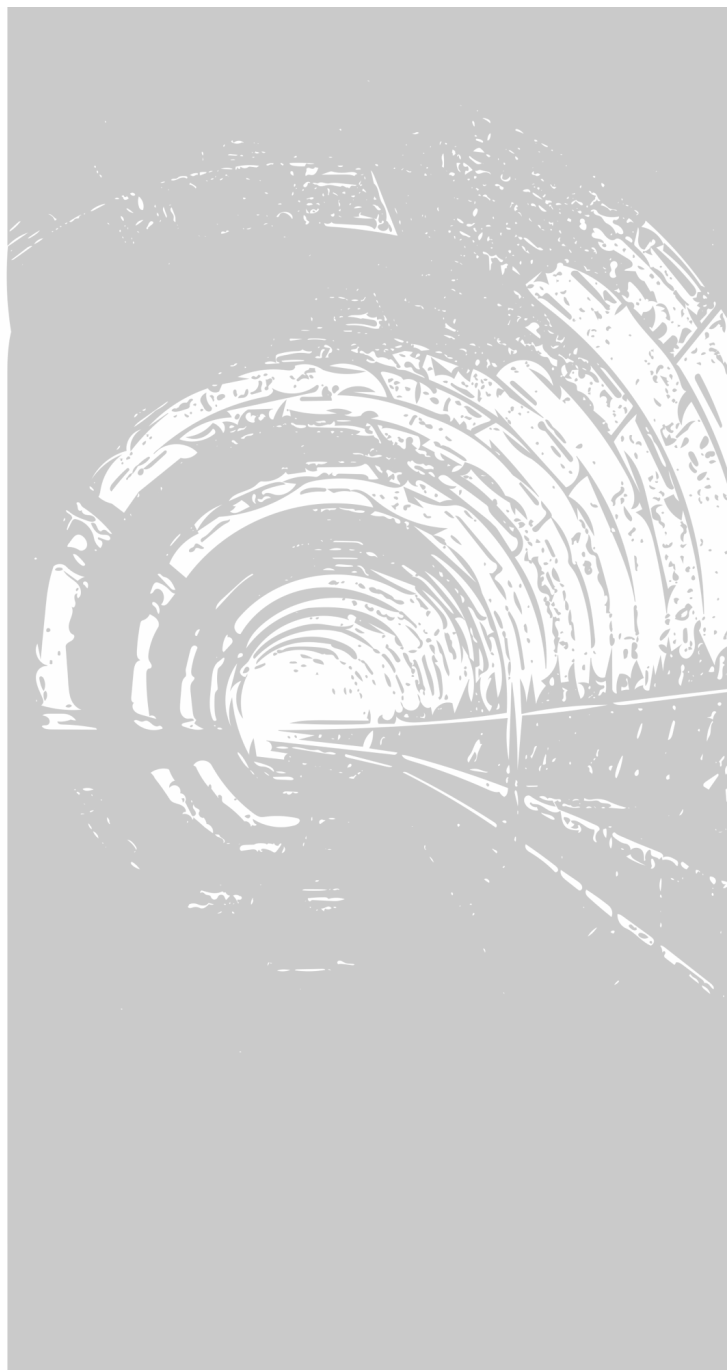
-„The victory square is also located here. Paradoxically, it is completely bombarded with gas bombs. People here normally live underground.”

## Hradčanská

-„Here is the historical part of the city and access to various gardens and orchards, which have remained largely untouched. People also talk about a way to return to the time of Eden and go there in search of a way of life. Many buildings could be inhabited again. In the ten years or so after the war, it was possible to slowly come to the surface. People say that in these orchards, humans and animals live in harmony.”

-„Then tell me what is happening in the Garden of Eden.”

-„Well, I would also like to know that. However, if my memory serves me correctly, the Garden of Eden was very



shallow. She had no chance to survive. At OBJ most, just like our station here."

Malostranska

-, „It's like Hradčanská here. However, one part of our party still remained here.

Peninsula. Here is Vltavská and

Holešovice station. However, they are flooded. At least that's what I heard. The remaining part of C is thus cut off from the underground. However, information about how life is lived on the surface here is difficult to uncover."

-, „We have to go to the center."

-, „Have you lost your mind?"

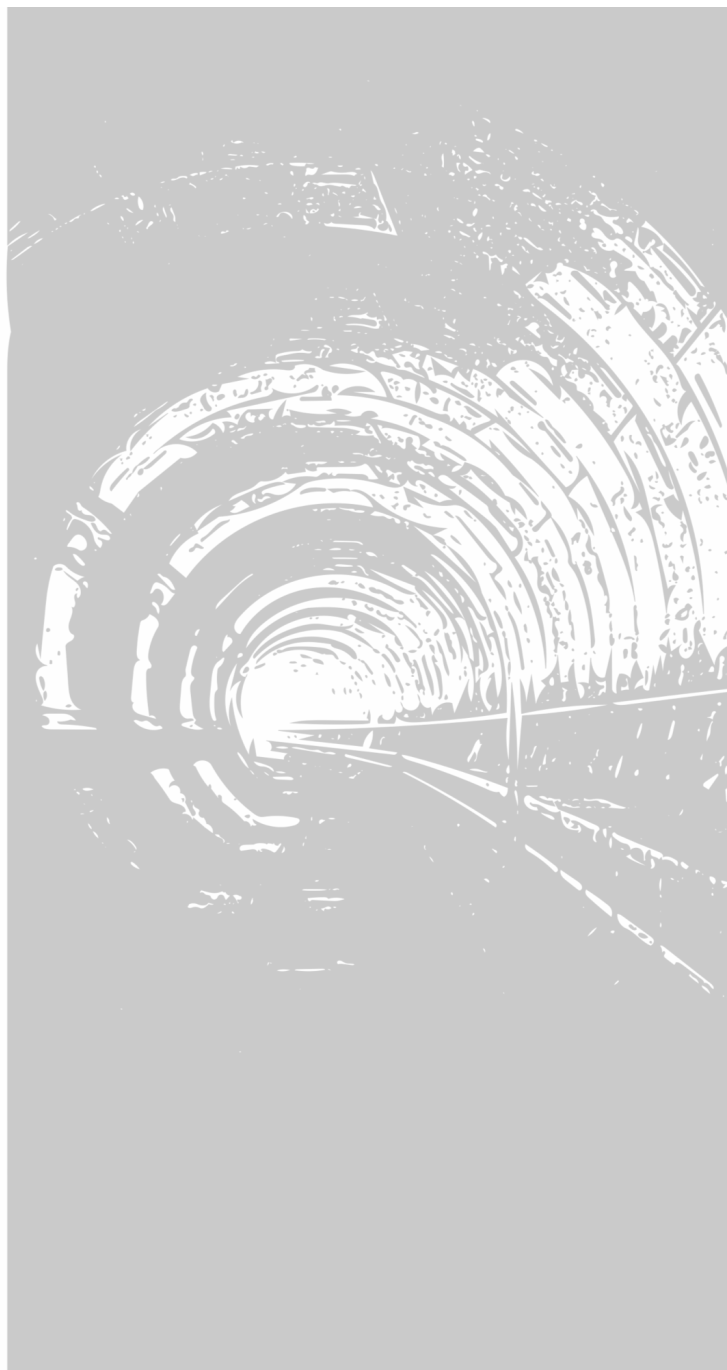
-, „I need to finish my book with the subway map for others as well. And it won't be done otherwise."

-, „What will the book be called?"

-, „I do not know yet. Probably the Invisible Guide."-, „Why invisible?"

-, „I don't know how I came up with it."

-, „Good. I would go."



-„I still have to pack and tell my <sup>OBJ</sup> mother to get ready too."

-„Are you taking her with you?"

-„Well, someone has to inject me with insulin."

Filip was silent about it. They went to their house and he told his mother about their plan to take the subway.

-„And where are you going to Hůrka?"

-„Well, at least until the Mixer," he announced.

-„That's a day or two journey."

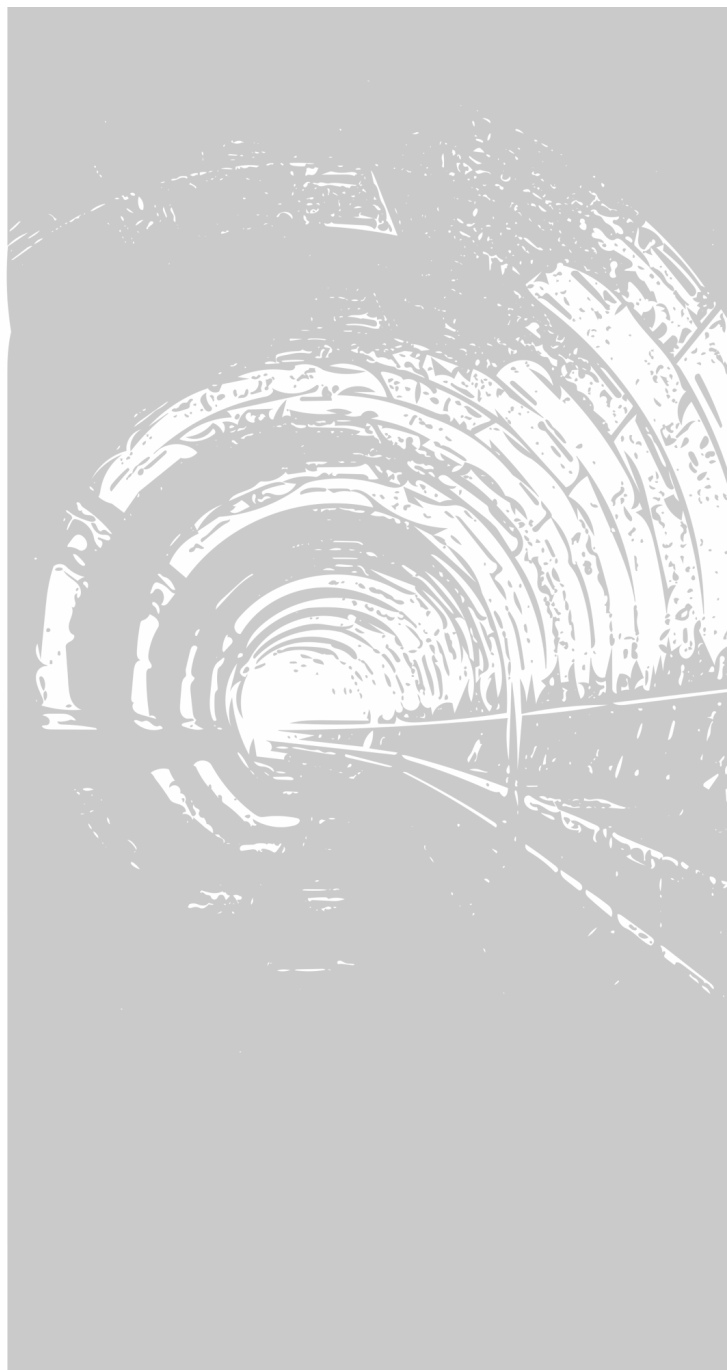
-„As?" Filip wondered.

-„Well, try walking so many kilometers through inhabited tunnels full of people who are happy for every visit.

They either want to beat you, rob you or get you drunk. It's not like here in the tube or in the remaining shallows. It's there dark and deep."

-„Have you already been there? In the center or in the Prague Hansa?" The writer was silent on the question.

-„Not yet," he answered finally.





-„But I know one thing for sure. Only<sup>[OBJ]</sup> those who have something to offer have access to the Prague Hansa."

-„Well, you know you'll find something."

-„Okay, let's go, we'll go to Hůrka together. We'll just get down here from the tube. As they say, for the experienced. Have you ever been there?"

-„Not yet," answered Filip.

-„Then you'll see how it goes at the other stations." They set off on their journey. -„Who the hell are we doing?"

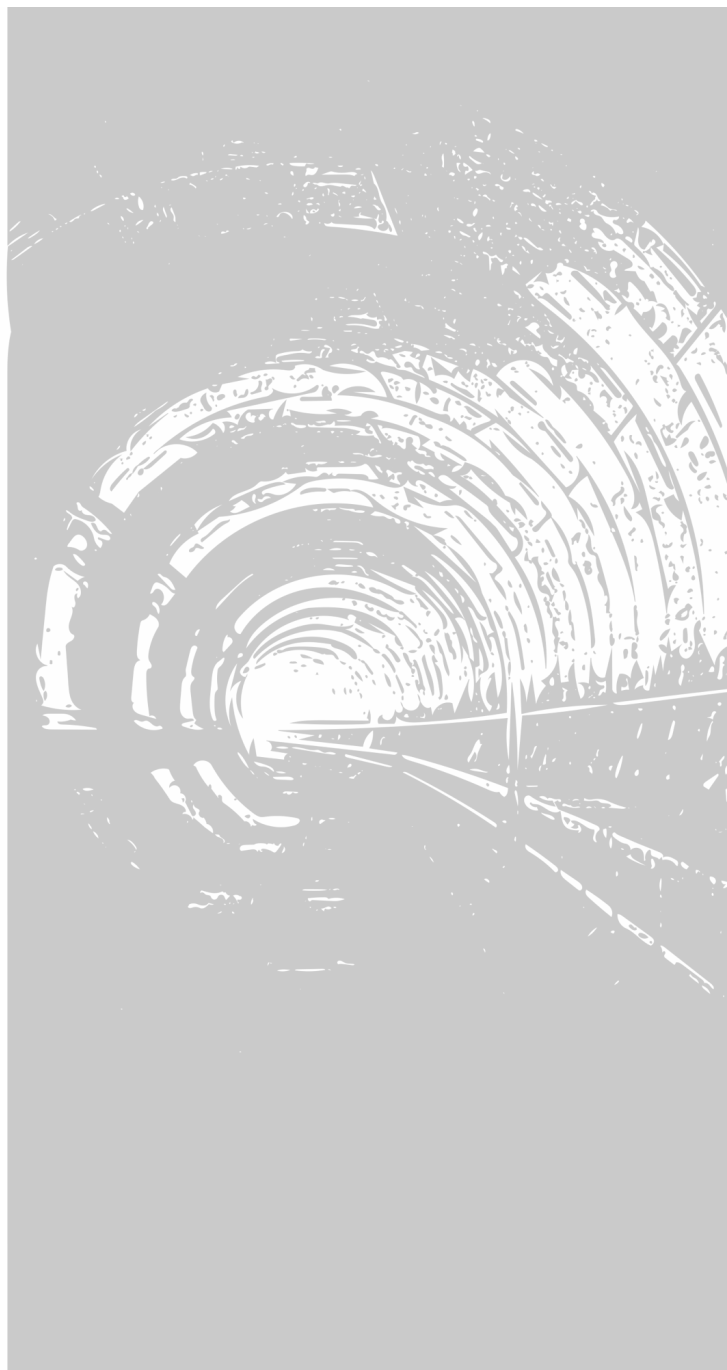
Someone shouted from the tunnel leading to Hůrka. Dominik already recognized the reflective vest.

-„Stop and decide! Either we open fire or we spill the liquor!" Another voice called out from the end of the tunnel.

The writer started to laugh at that.

-„Calm down, I already know them. They don't have any weapons."

They increased their pace across the direct lights. They reached the border guards. They had already spilled shots



of schnapps. They greeted each other and each received one as a welcome.

They tapped and kicked him inside.

Suddenly Filip noticed that one of them had a handgun in a holster behind his belt.

-, „You were bullshitting," he told him.

-, „No, I just didn't know," Dominic answered him, and as they were already drunk, they both started to laugh about it.

-, „Well, don't laugh too much. We still have a whole bottle here," said one of the border guards. They put themselves into it.

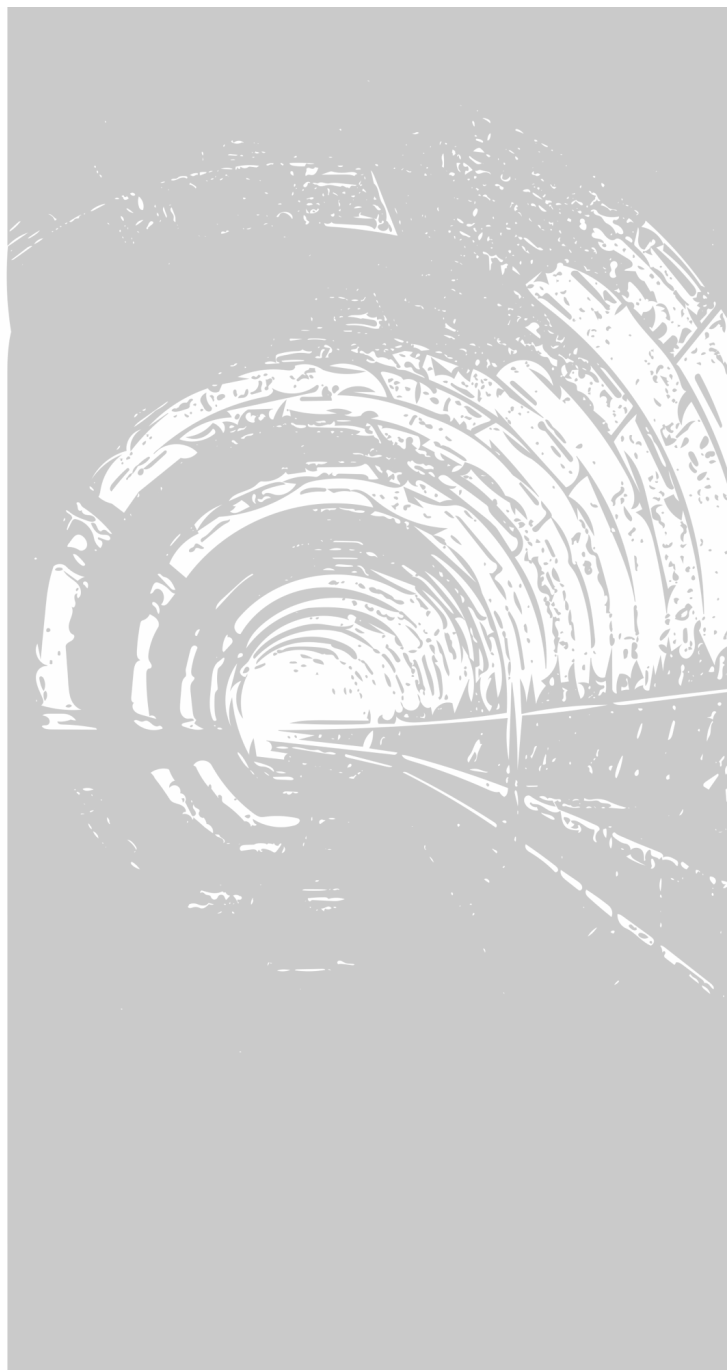
-, „Hey, shouldn't you brake? After all, you have diabetes," Filip warned him.

-, „When I drink, I drink to the bottom, then I always bounce back from the bottom," the writer began to him.

-, „What are you rapping about? It amused the border guards.

-, „Send something else," Filip teased him.

-, „I can't start the day without music, I



don't even go out without music,"<sup>[OBJ]</sup>  
continued Dominic.

-,,Wait, we have a radio somewhere here,"  
the border guard said.

-,,No don't let it go!"  
The writer defended himself.

-,,Why not?"  
They wondered.

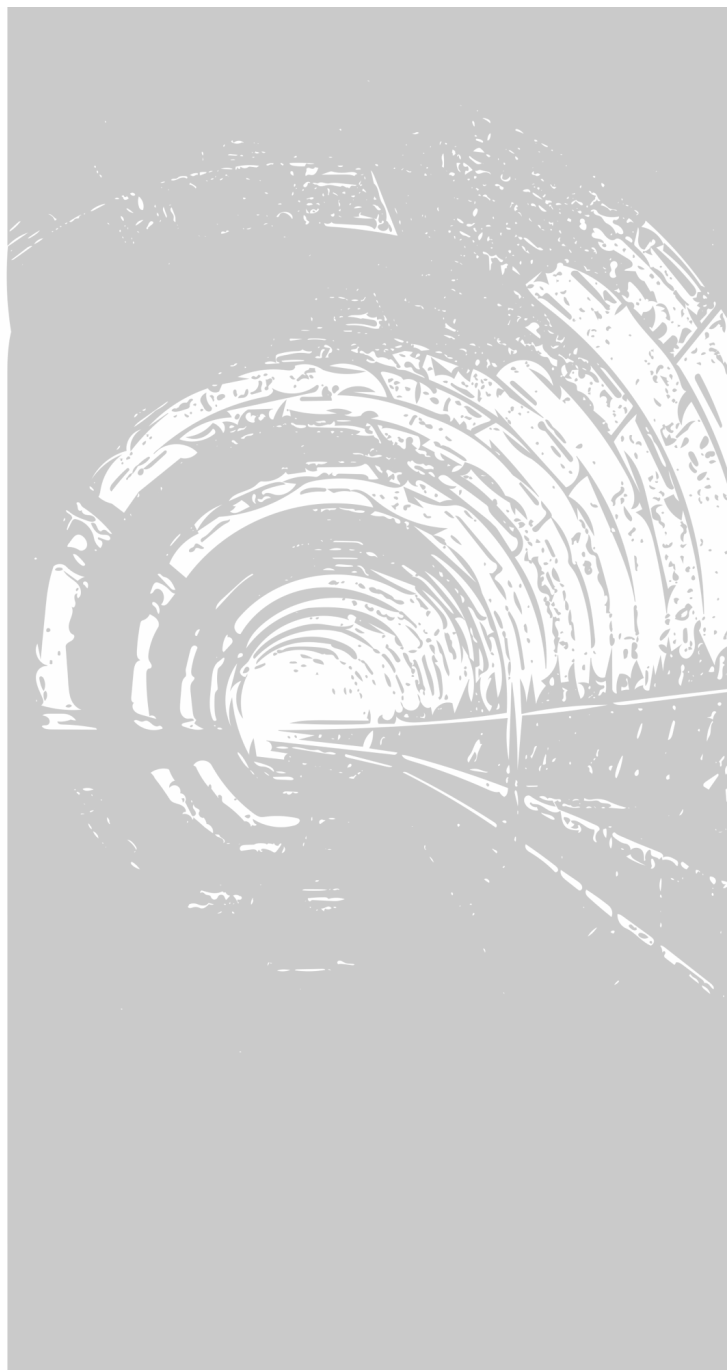
-,,Well, try to turn it on," he suggested.  
So they turned on the radio and a noise  
came through the tunnel. The writer  
took his dosimeter out of his pocket and  
showed it. There was a visibly increased  
frequency of radiation on it.

-,,Now turn off the radio again," he  
suggested. They did so. The radiation  
really dropped on the dosimeter.

-,,Well, hold it for me."

-,,Radioactivity." The border guards were  
surprised. The bottle was already  
finished and the whole foursome for  
scrap.

-,,No problem Filip, we have to go back  
and sleep. Hopefully we could leave



tomorrow." OBJ

All I had to do was agree.

-,, Well, you did it again! Pray you don't get a shock!" The writer crawled into the abode and Filip also went to sleep for tomorrow's possible event across the subway.

-,,So I'm here," Filip called from the next morning at the writer's shelter.

-,,Mom, the walker is already here, we can go," he marked the explorer with the slang of the border guards.

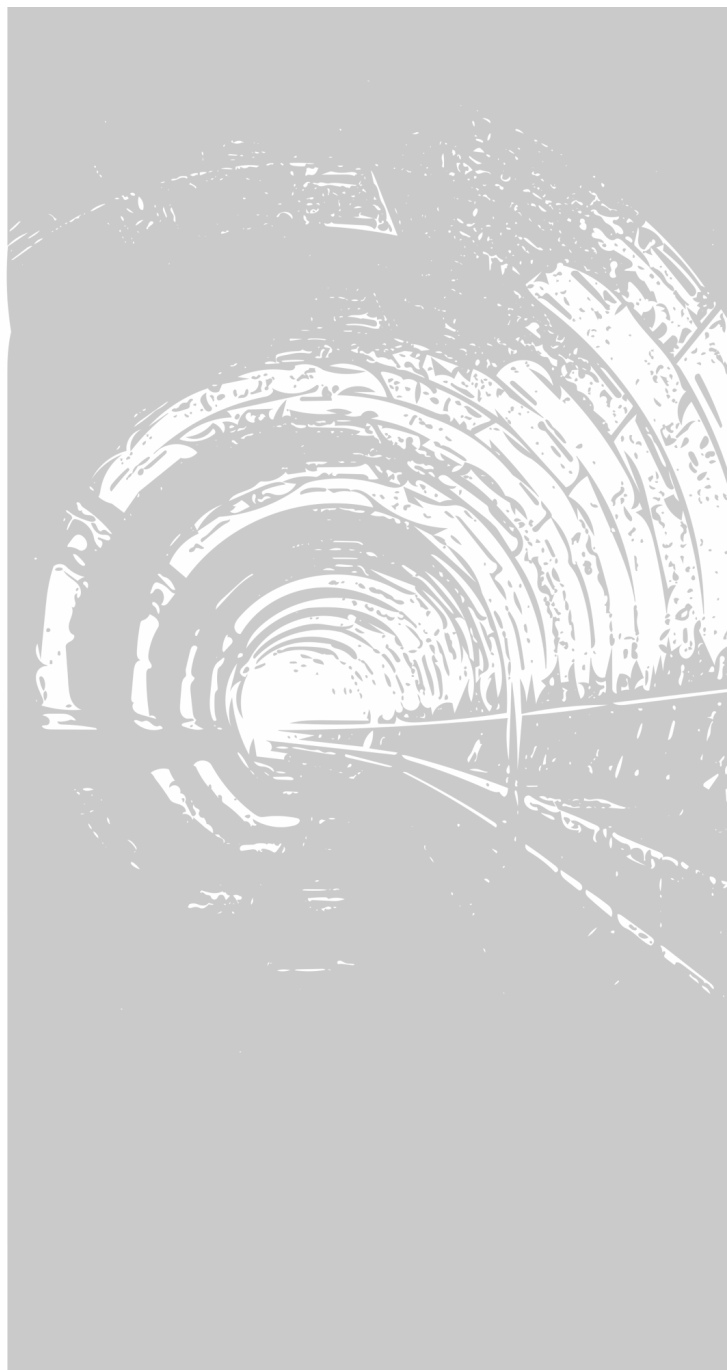
-,,Do you have any news about your partner?

-,,The situation is improving. Soon he will live a very normal life again. They say they will keep him there for another two weeks."

-,,We can leave," announced the writer's creator. The trio went out to the tunnel.

-,,What about a hangover?

-,,Like a beam, but an insulin injection fixed it." After ten years underground, it was a substitute for anything he was

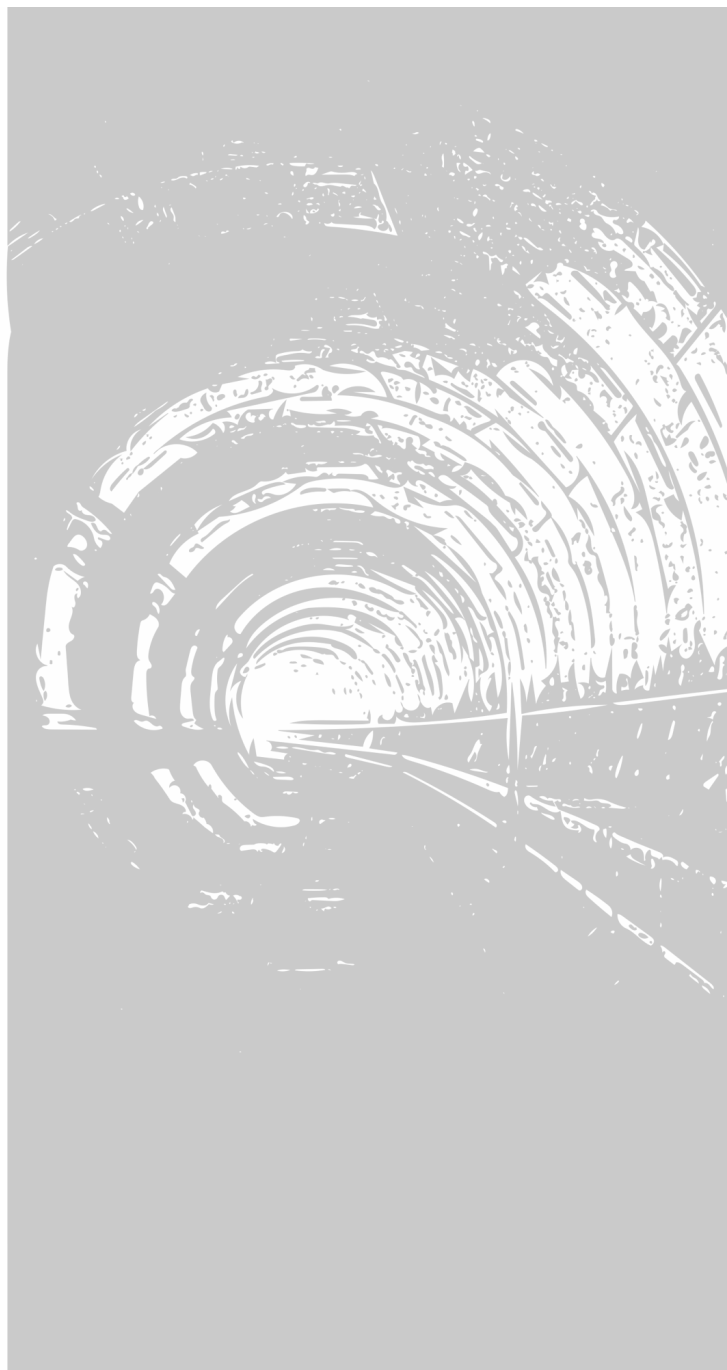




used to on the surface. He had nothing<sup>OBJ</sup> to be ashamed of.

He wasn't the only one. He carried his leather briefcase with insulin vials and needles. They continued through the patrol, which did not look as cheerful today as it did yesterday. Hůrka station was empty for the most part. There was nothing to be seen or heard. That's why they just went through it to another tunnel heading to Nové Butovice station. Everyone was looking at the trio and someone even greeted them. This is because good social relations were very important in this station for business reasons.

-, „Let's take a look in the center of the station," suggested Dominik and led his pair forward to a large counter stocked with all kinds of goods that the stalkers were selling on the surface. The surrounding crowd parted, allowing the trio to walk closer to the spectacle. He saw textile fabrics, gas masks with

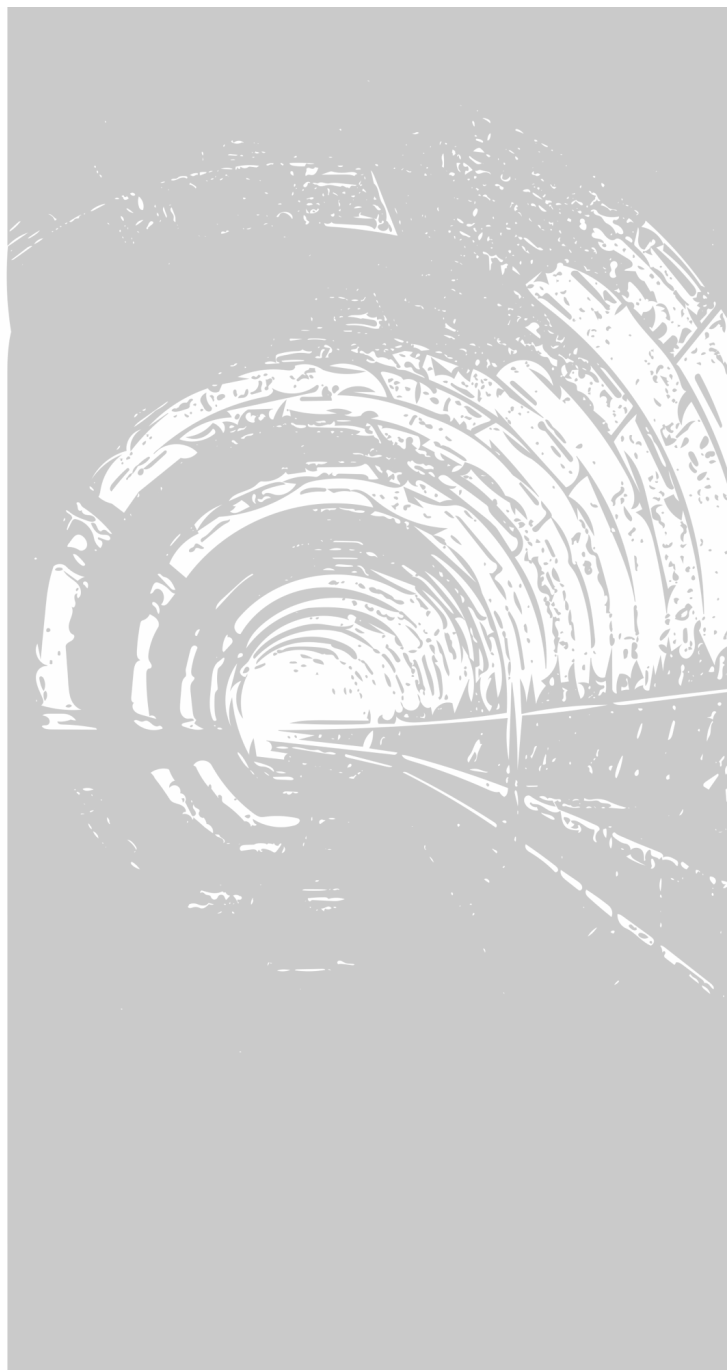


filters, canned goods and many other OBJ goods being laid here. He pulled out OTWC paper bills from his pocket and presented them to one of the vendors in exchange for canned goods. He then gave them to Philip and his mother. They each took out their clay forks and sat down over the rails where they snacked. -,,It's quite nice here," commented its creator.

-,,You could live here. There are a lot of girls here," added Filip.

-,,You are both right. The name of this station comes from the word booting the kernel, i.e. starting something new. Therefore, it would be good to start a new life here, but we have to continue to the center. It will certainly be an interesting journey."

So they took the road further from the station with the spray painted walls and the market in the middle. Here, one rail of the tunnel was already used for a rickshaw carrying goods from or to



outlying stations. OBJ

They arranged with the driver to take them to the next station called Jinonice.

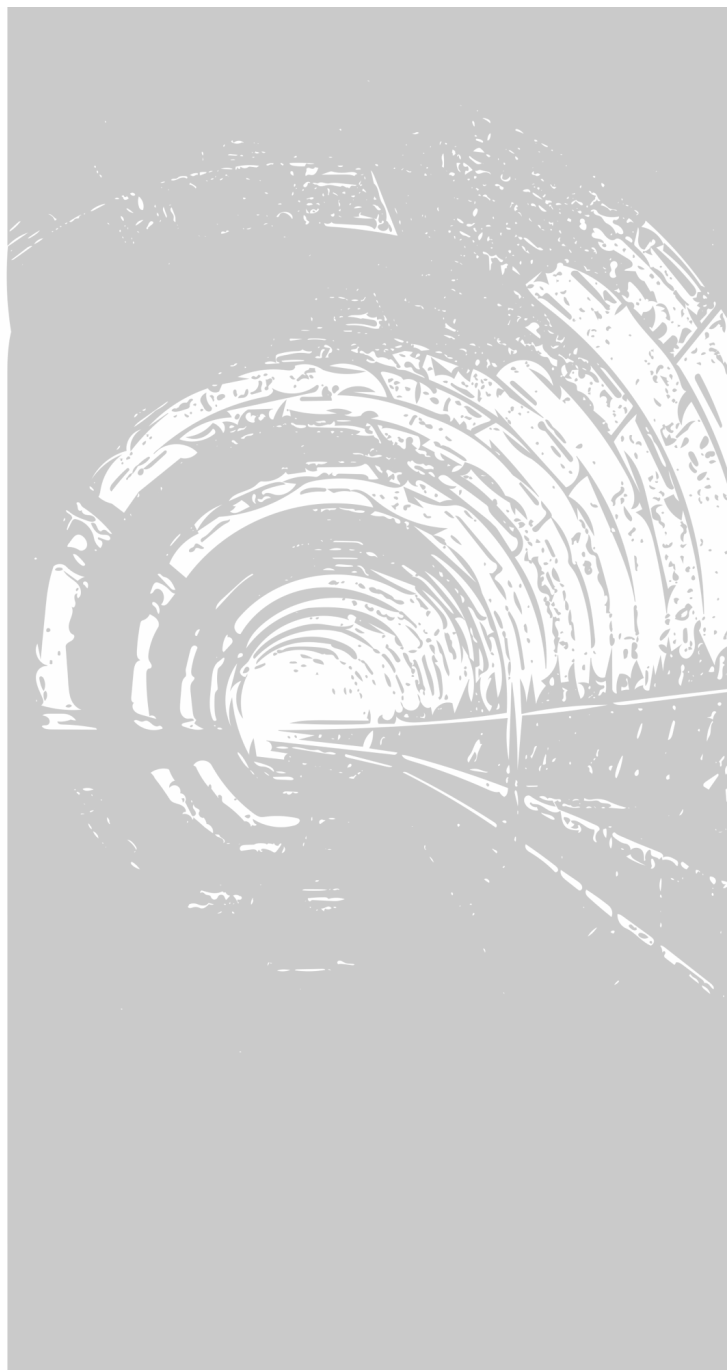
As the name suggests, this station was a bit different. It had a beige chubby interior. It was deep enough that enough people could live in it without a single problem. They got down from the rickshaw.

-, „We should have a little talk with the locals, it seems to me that their otherness could help the entire metro," suggested Dominik.

-, „And what is their difference?" Philip asked.

-, „We'll find out right away," the writer answered him and went to a group of visibly younger residents. His mother also followed them. The group wondered what they were doing here, but when they saw him take out the OTWC notes, their glassy eyes immediately lit up.

-, „I will give you this money if you tell



me what makes your station so different<sup>[OBJ]</sup> and unique," said Dominik. The group began to look at each other internally. Then one of them, appearing to be their leader, stepped inside the wheel to make himself visible. -,,We can offer you these poisonous mushrooms for that money," he took out the dried hats from the aluminum case.

-,,Is that what you spend your time here? Philip objected.

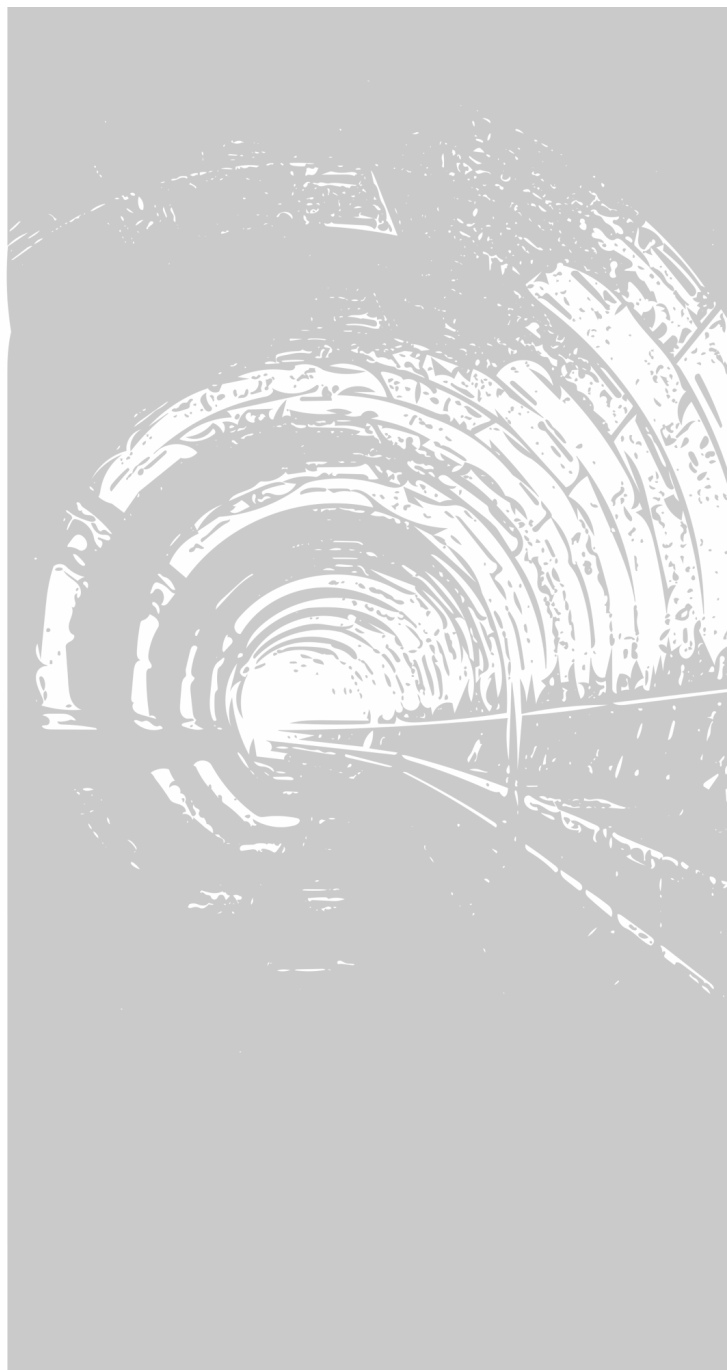
-,,It will poison you and you will die," spoke someone else from the crowd, making the whole area dumbfounded.

-,,But then you will come back to life and become homo novus," added the one in the middle.

-,,What does it mean?" The writer was interested.

-,,You will be able to perceive the mysticism of the tunnels," said the person offering the mushrooms.

-,,How does it manifest itself? Philip was interested.





-,,You will then be able to hear the OBJ tunnel. Each tunnel here in the metro has its own voice and speaks to everyone who passes through it. However, only those who have been reborn from these mushrooms can hear them, and thanks to this they can listen to their way for a safe return, or reach their destination unscathed," he received the answer.

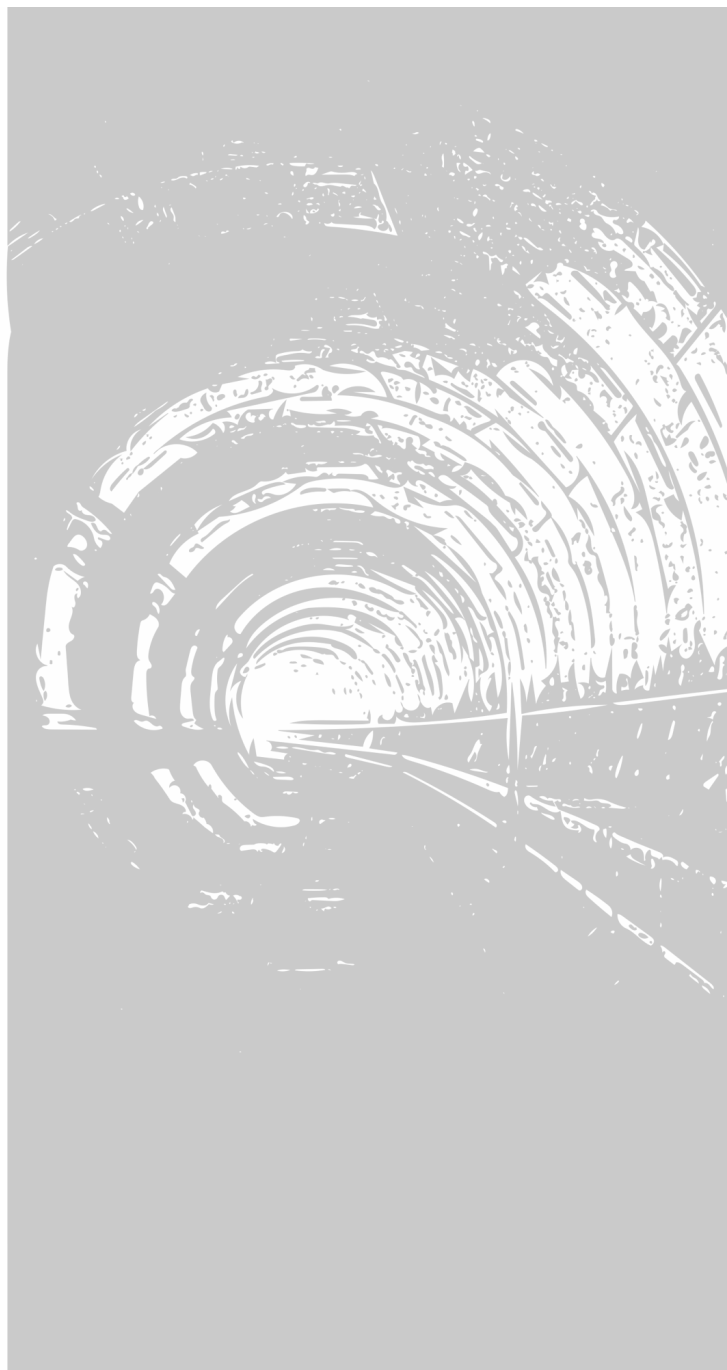
-,,Hear the voice of the tunnel? Is it even real?" He wondered further.

-,,Reality, that's only a collective hallucination," said the one with the mushrooms in his hands as if it should be his point. Then there was silence again for a while.

-,,Do you take it or not? We have nothing else to offer."

-,,Okay, I'll take them," the writer finally declared, and the exchange took place. -,,You must be crazy," his mother's voice came from behind him.

-,,Mom, everything is fine, both sides got what they wanted," he interrupted her.



She let him go, but you could tell she<sup>[OBJ]</sup> was embarrassed.

-, „Where do you get them? He asked with the hats in his sweaty palm.

-, „They grow in various places known to us."

-, „Specific places," even one young lady from the group cheered up, but immediately fell silent again, because she drew too much attention to herself.

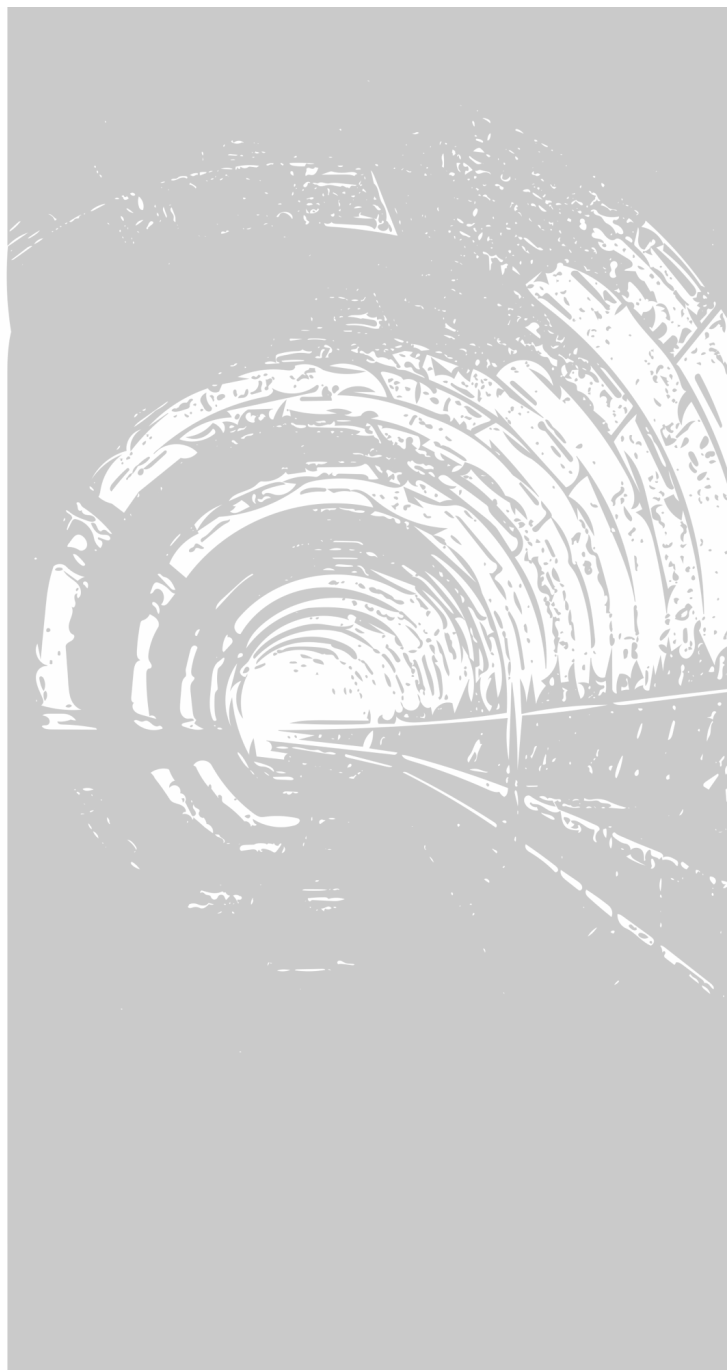
-, „Seriously, are they contaminated?"

-, „They grow down here in the subway. That must be enough for you, only they themselves will tell you more," the leader of this pack stretched his well-fed neck at him.

-, „Good," the writer bowed his head and opened his briefcase in which he kept them.

-, „I'll keep them for some special occasion," he announced to everyone to keep calm.

-, „I would say that we can go to the next

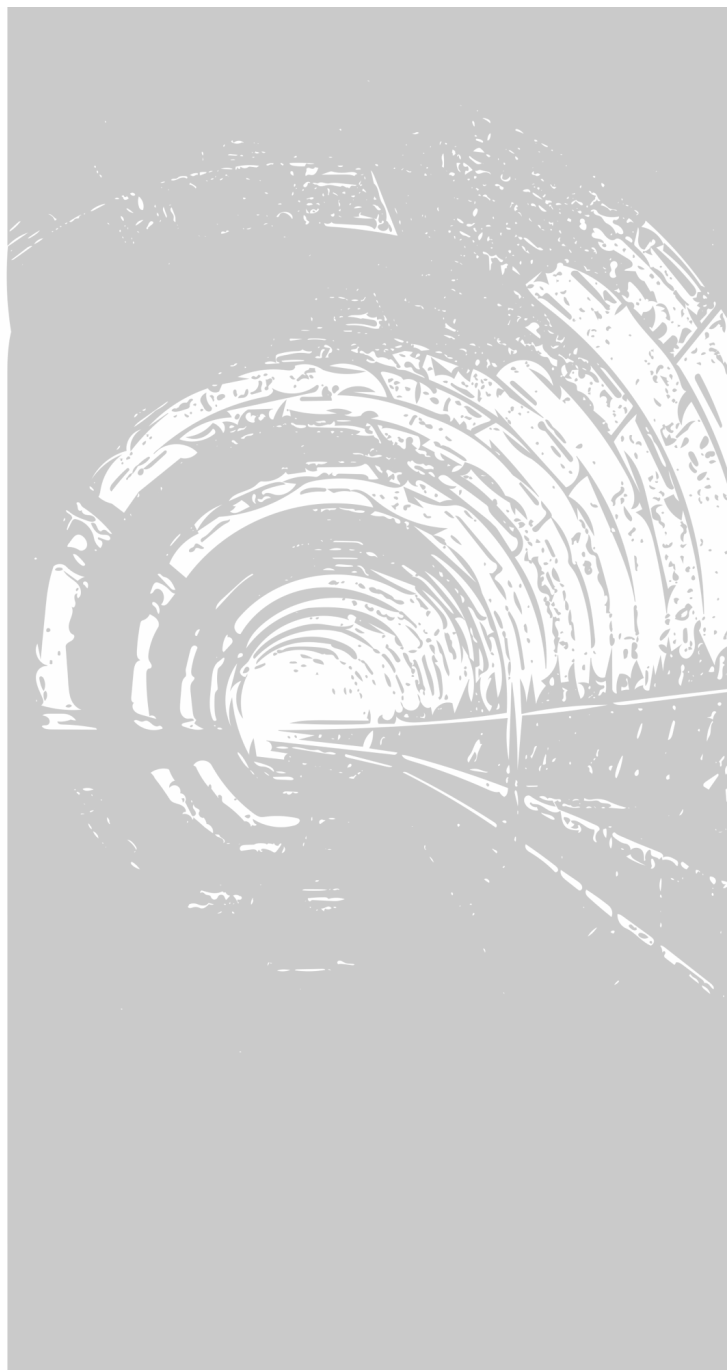


station," suggested the writer's creator. Her son nodded. Philip did not protest. OBJ They finally got to the Radlická station, from where the trains ran. It was all deep green. There was a direct exit, so you had to wear a gas mask. The station functioned more as a transshipment point than as a residential area.

-„We need to be taken to the Smíchov railway station," the writer said to the man loading the goods.

-„Hurry up, the train will be leaving soon." They got on the sink to the sacks of flour. The driver introduced himself to them as Arnošt. He started the engine and the lights came on to reveal a pointed blade on the front of the dredger. Then they slowly started across a tunnel lined with colored pipes. They were driving at about 50 km/h, cobwebs with suspended clumps of dust appeared everywhere.

-„We will be at the station in a moment!"

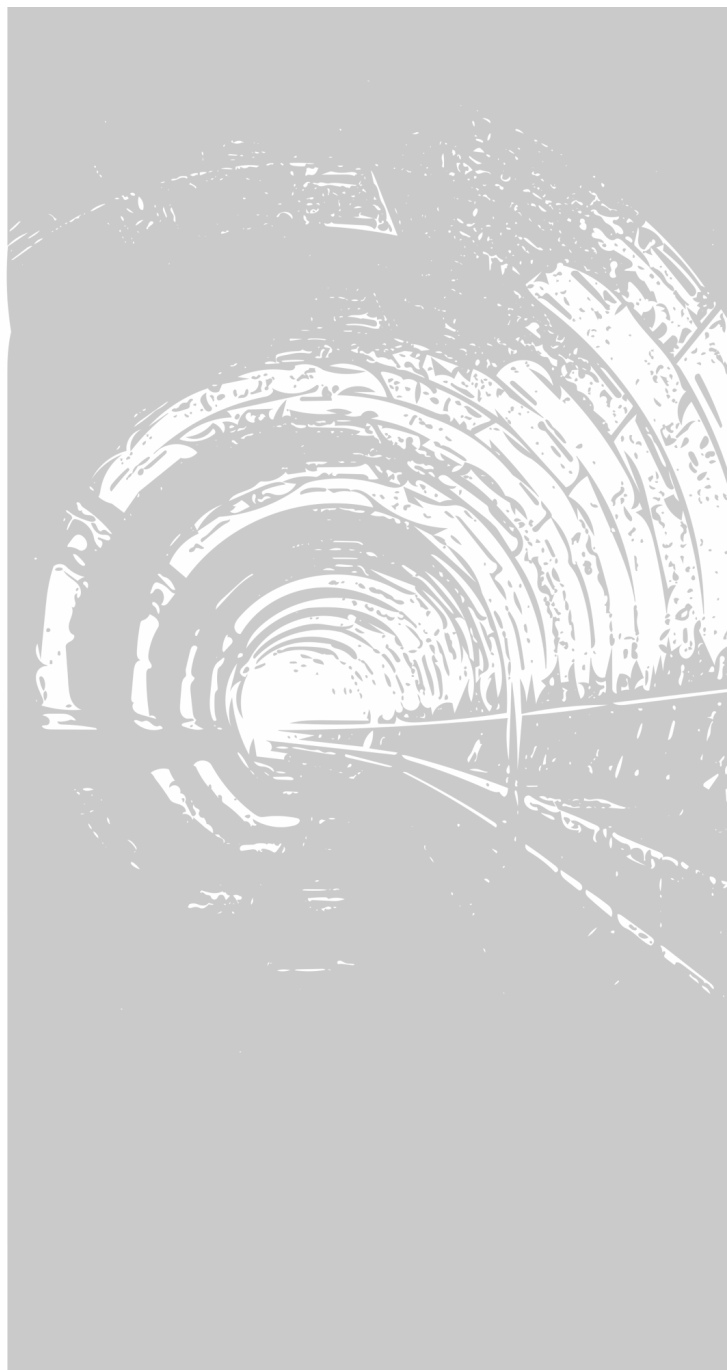


Arnošt shouted into the noise of the OBJ dresin and the vibrations of its echo. Then came a long, drawn-out turn that spit them right out onto the flat leading to the platform. It was largely covered by tents of various proportions. The carriage slowly came to a screeching halt.

-„Here's your ride," the writer handed Arnošt a roll of banknotes. They stepped onto the inhabited area with a high step. The most people of all previous stations lived here. The mezzanine level of the surface and the platform were full of merchants with all kinds of goods, even weapons. These were primarily melee, as knives, boxers and similar equipment. -„What do the people here need it for? The writer's mother wondered.

-„You know people, they like to fight each other," he answered her.

-„However, few people realize that if they reveal him, they will be expelled





or executed," he added. OBJ

-,,You mean the final station? Philip pondered.

-,,So. Or out."

The writer looked serious.

-,,Dura for sale!" Someone nearby called out. They looked around from where. A man in a hood stood at the corner with a backpack, calling the crowd. He walked towards it with a slow step.

-,,What is this dura?"

He asked.

-,,Hard drug," he got the answer.

-,,More specifically?"

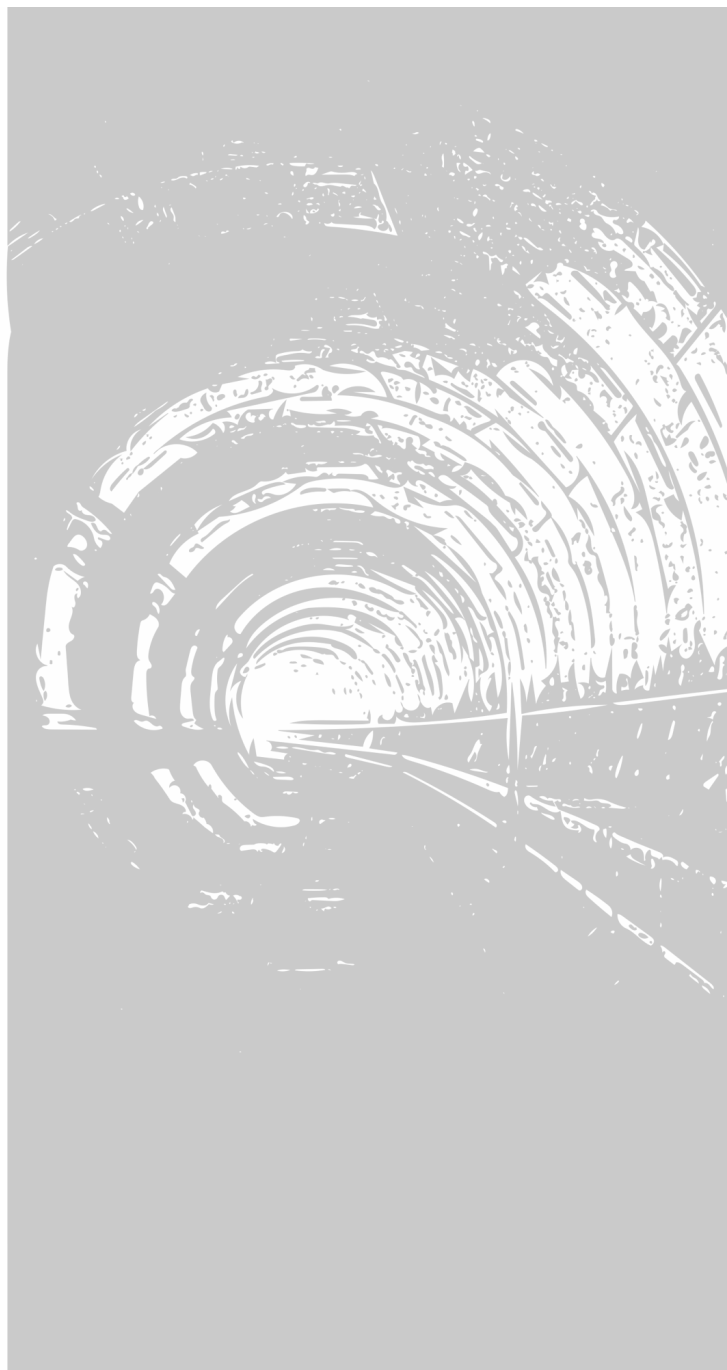
He was interested. At that moment, someone else approached them.

-,,Czech meth flies in the dark!"

He sang a greeting. The seller took out the wallet and exchanged it for the OTWC money the man had. He was dressed strangely, like some kind of biker in a leather jacket.

-,,How about hallucinogenic mushrooms?"

The writer spoke up.



-,,Even meth is hallucinogenic to the OBJ right degree," added the one in the leather jacket.

-,,If you have one, I'll be happy to exchange it," suggested the dura seller. The writer opened his briefcase and took out two hats, which he then gave to each of them.

-,,I don't want anything for them, just tell me something about your life here at the station."

-,,Are you a spy?

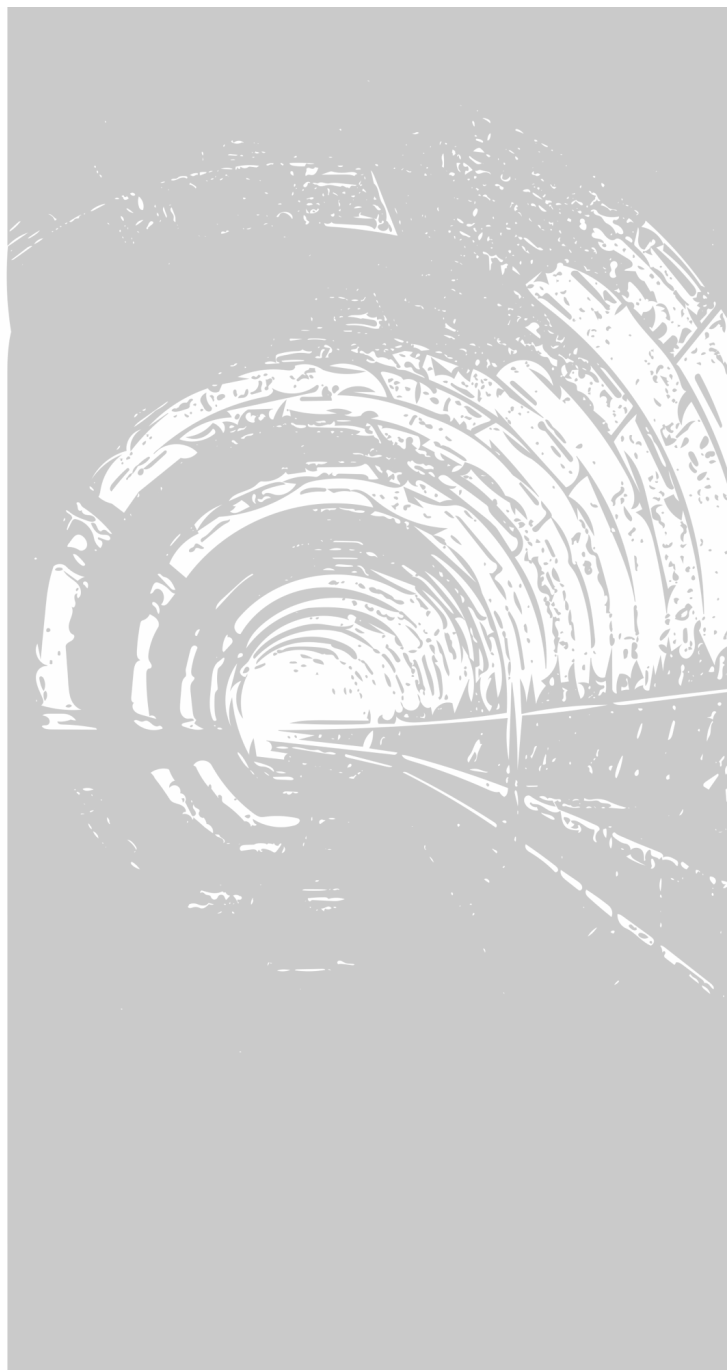
The salesman looked paranoid.

-,,Not at all, I'm a writer. I'm working on a subway guide."

-,,Lord yes!" The one in the leather jacket wondered.

-,,The Mixer here is good, it has access from Anděl, it is such a center on this side of the line. There are also trains from here to the main station across the river, but it's a completely different world there," said the seller.

-,,I'm from Anděl," said the one in the



leather jacket. [OBJ]

-„I race between Smícháč and Anděl on specially modified bikes for the dormitories. Two bikes like this can always ride side by side like this and race each other."

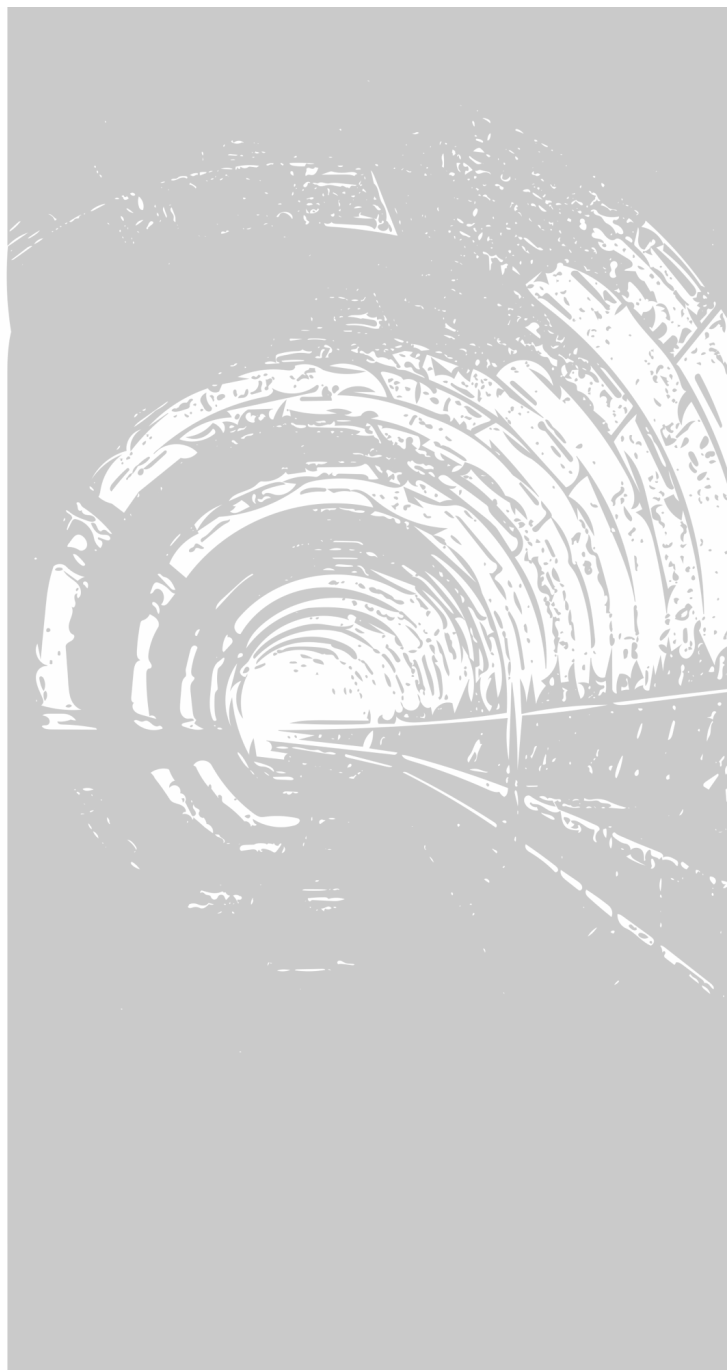
-„That sounds quite interesting," commented the writer.

-„Tell me something else about your station," he asked.

-„We have the passage to Karlovo náměstí station flooded, there is water level in it a little before the bridge. Some locals believe that the water is sacred. Something like a sect even arose there, where some Baptists go to wash themselves in it, in that contaminated water. All of them had hair and even said they glow in the tunnels. And you don't want to see their children."

-„I can't believe that such people can still have children," commented the dura seller.

-„And I, on the other hand, that it is



still possible to call them people," said <sup>[OBJ]</sup> the writer. Overall, the riders were amused.

-, „And then there are parts of the city above Anděl, which are already habitable again. Gypsies rule it there. Nobody wants to start, let alone mess with, those. You don't mess with anyone. They have groups of snipers.”

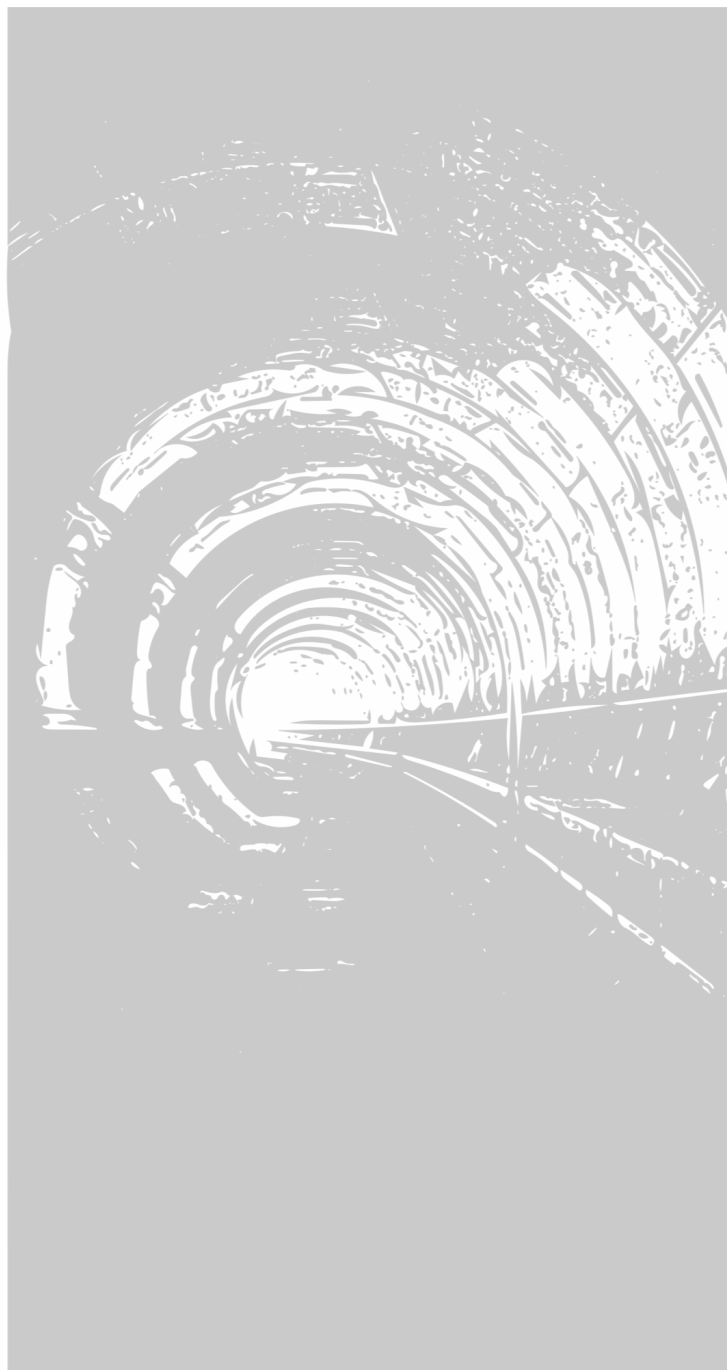
-, „I'm not surprised at all, you've always been good partisans.”

Suddenly, a booming voice rang out from the megaphone.

-, „The train to Hlavní nádraží station is pulled up on the third track.”

-, „Thank you gentlemen, I have to go, my train is coming,” the writer said goodbye and left the station with his creator and his mate to the surface for the train heading to the city center and Prague's Hansa.

The road around the track was desolate, the whole town in ruins for the most part, but still preserved. It felt like





wax. OBJ

A ship could be seen sailing on the river below them.

-,,Do you know anything about that ship?"

The writer was interested.

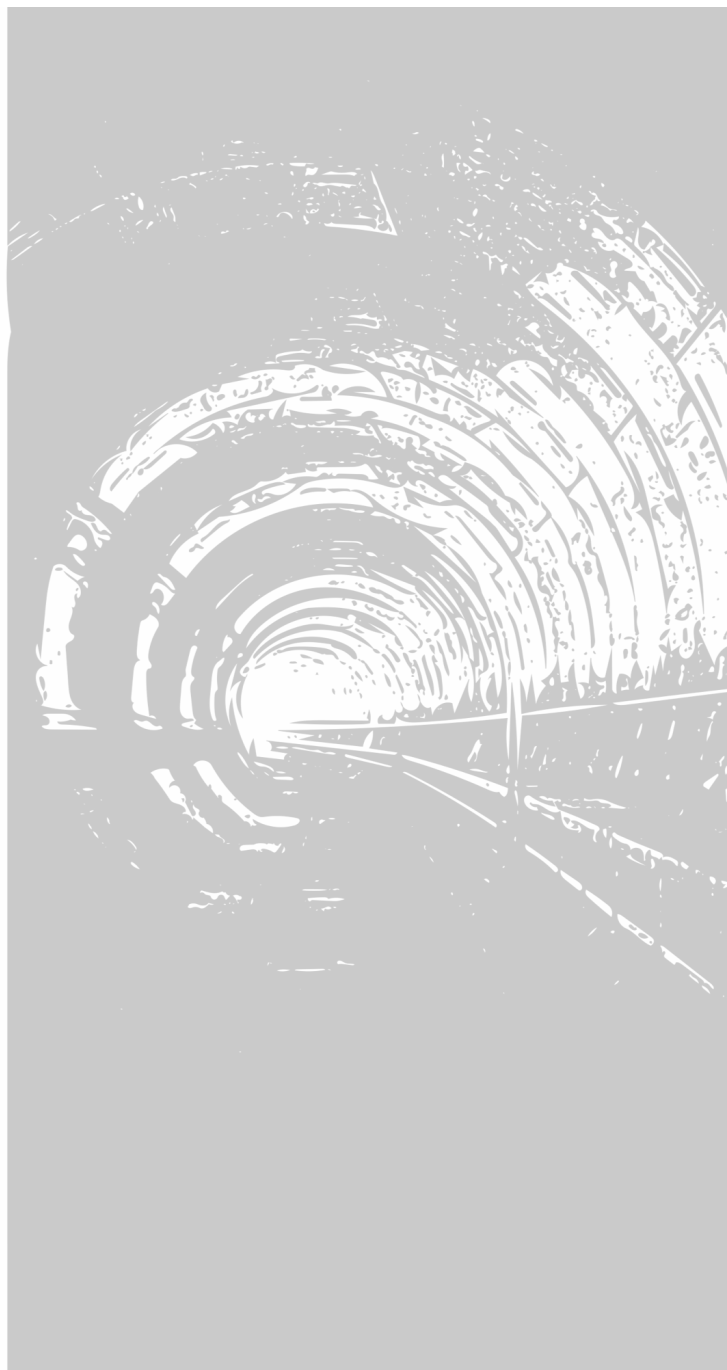
-,,Do people live there too?" His creator wondered.

-,,Nothing specific," answered one of the men with them in the wagon.

-,,They have their own supply method, they always sail away somewhere and reappear after some time. He doesn't attack. As a defense, they have the best of all of us still alive. And that's only thanks to those dead stinking waters."

-,,You have a poetic gut," pointed out the writer.

-,,I know, because real people know real people," he added. They disembarked on a flat site. There were already people ready to take out or, on the contrary, put in another load. The rest scattered. Our trio took it to the station area. It was filled with people all the way out

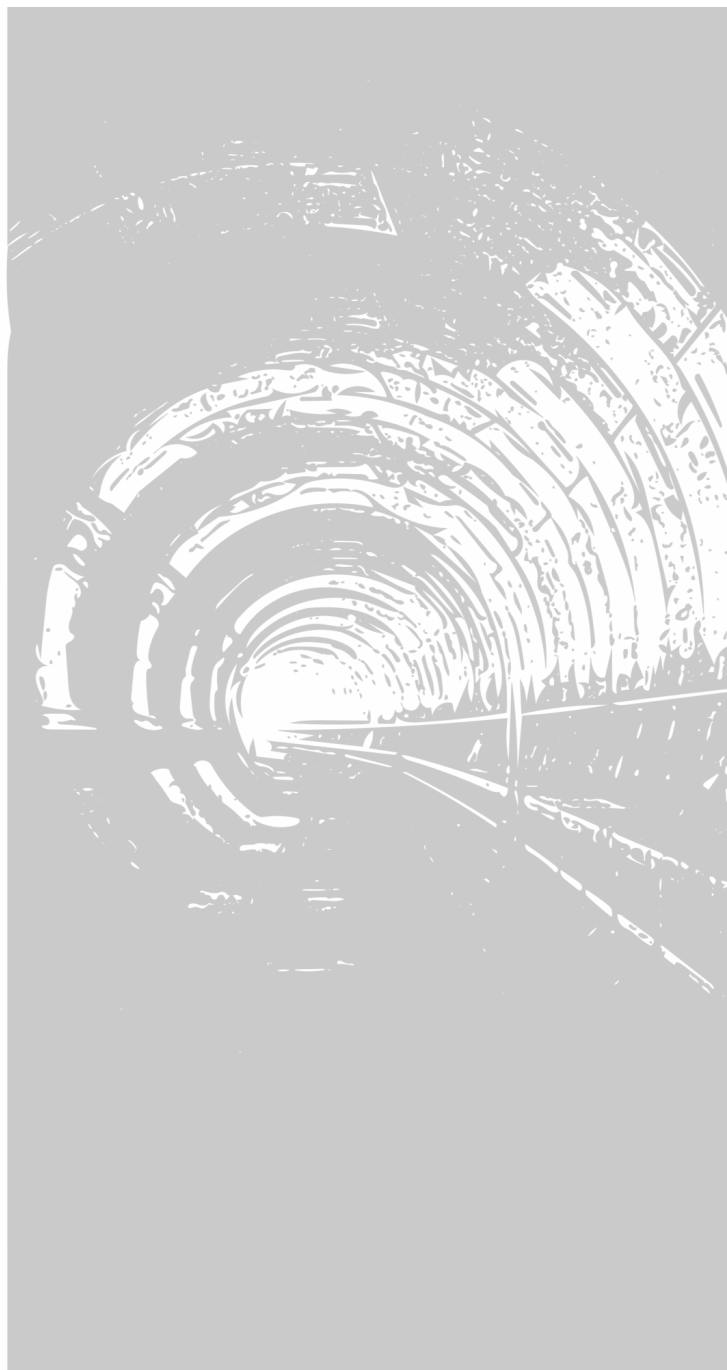


into the park overgrown with what was OBJ  
left of life. First they took it around  
the canteen. There used to be the most  
people. The writer looked around to see  
if he could see someone in an auditor's  
uniform so that he could discuss  
anything he needed with him.

-, „You know we have some rumors here.  
Wenceslas Square was occupied by a  
violent gang of women. Former strippers  
and whores. Whenever he catches a man,  
he executes him by the tail. For  
warning. They leave it there for like a  
week and then throw it down the drain  
or something. They just take it away  
somewhere. The most beautiful women  
and so devilish.”

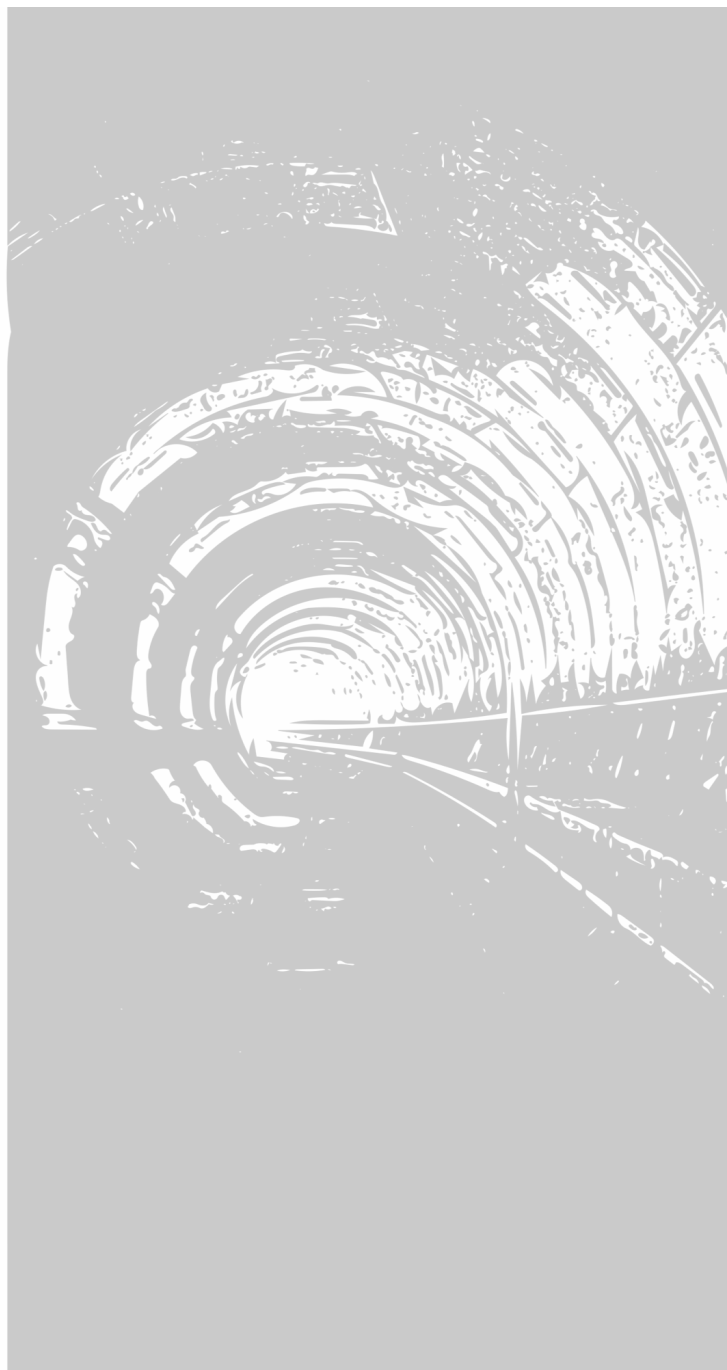
-, „And do you think they will have fun  
with those men before killing them? The  
writer's mother was interested.

-, „Well, that's unknown to me. There is no  
one to tell about it, probably for the  
reason that no one survived their  
presence. If you like life, I wouldn't go



there.”<sup>[OBJ]</sup>

-,„I'll probably have a close one, because we're heading to the national museum," said the writer, horrifying the reviewer's expression on his face due to the fact that the building was located very close to this most extensive square of the remains of the big city. So they went to the underground of the station, where they had built a strong base. The tunnels were full of people who found their refuge here. They had tents and shelters set up here, which the stalkers or the brave brought from the surface. Then on through the depths, where cones of light reflected from a pipe stretching through a seemingly endless optical illusion. As if they were inside a giant vibrating insect or, conversely, a crawling worm. It wouldn't be surprising if people traveling here caught the submarine disease. And behold, thank God, finally the lights of the next station around the bend. Oh no, it wasn't

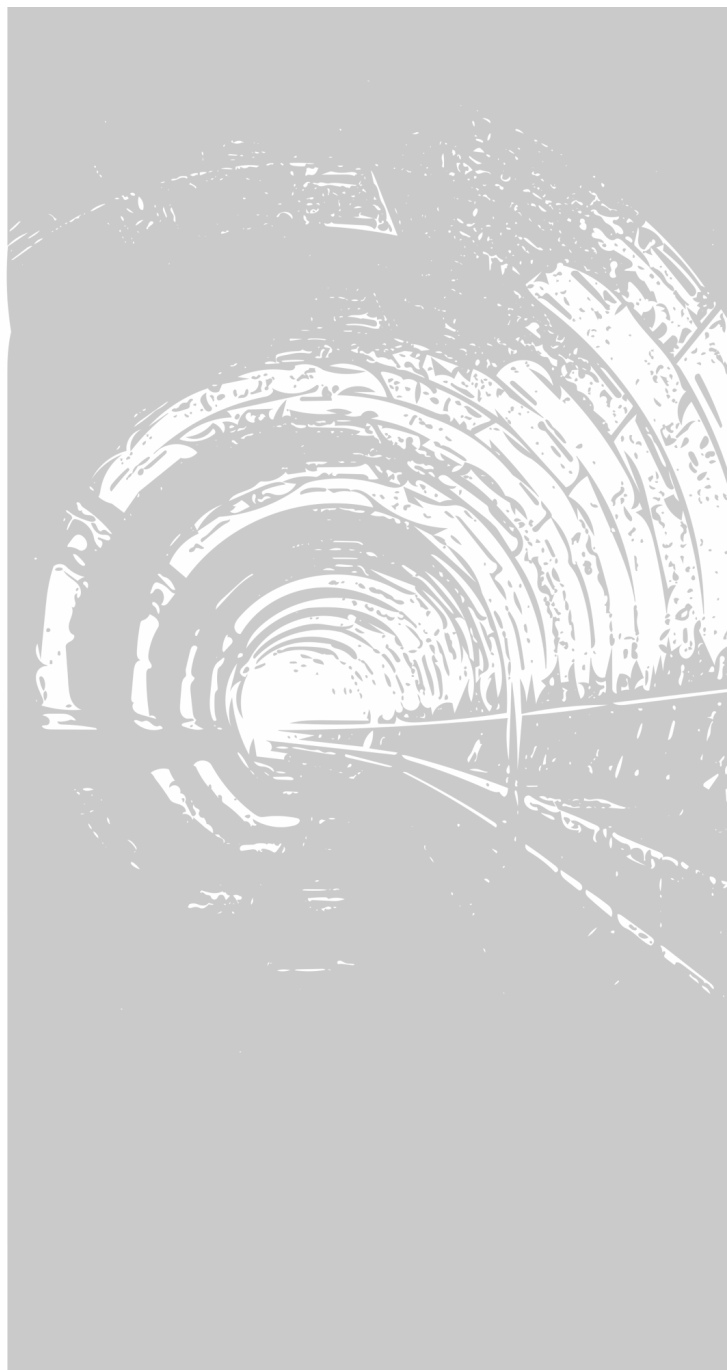


the station. OBF

Someone was walking towards them with a flashlight in hand or a headlamp. The moment of tension has come, who will appear. A dura dealer was hiding under the hood. At least by appearance. They awaited his arrival as he approached them at a slow pace. But in the end, unexpectedly, he ducked behind the half-open bars in the tunnel wall and disappeared into the darkness, as if he were just a ghost. Only the door was creakingly bent. He walked past them in silence, peering inside where nothingness awaited them. With icy sweat they continued to the mouth of the tunnel to the next station.

#### Museum

This station had two parts easily passable. They had to get their bearings first. There were a lot of people here, like everywhere in the stations, but something was different here. Above all,





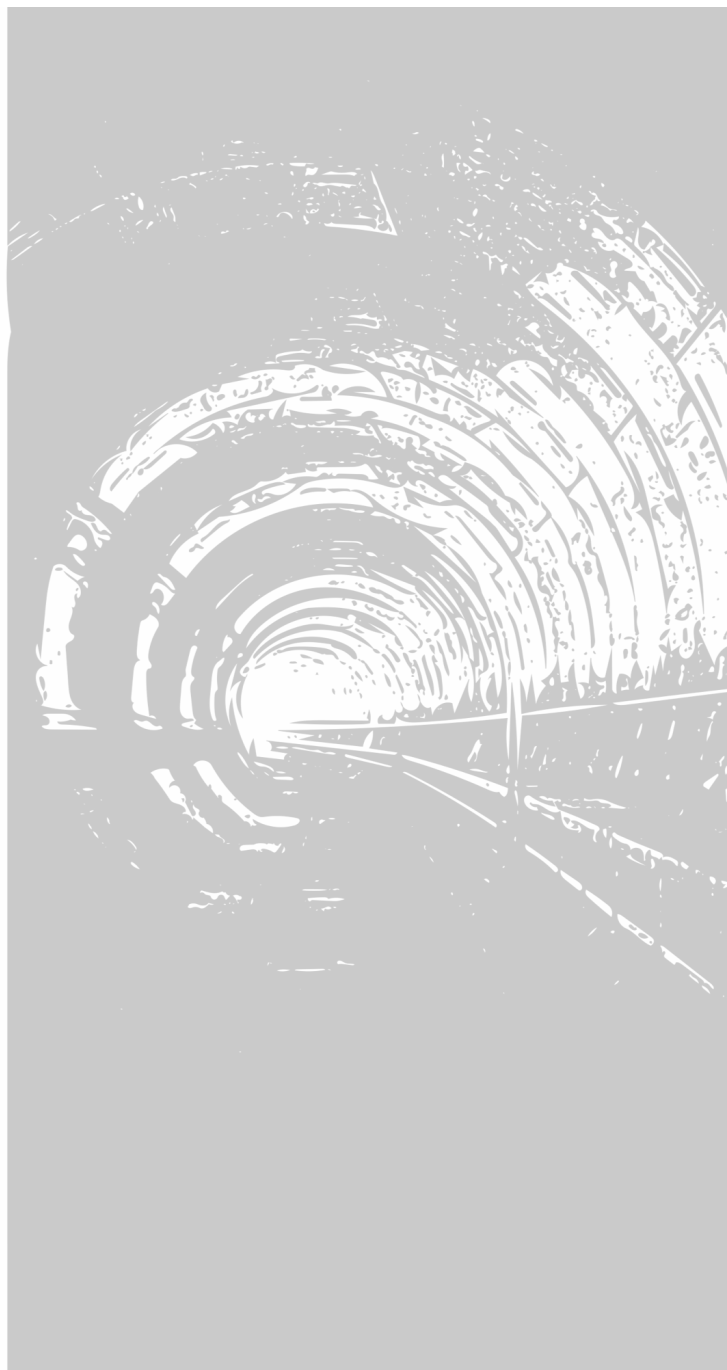
the buildings on the surface right next OBJ to the subway exit were also inhabited. These were the two buildings of the national museum, which were in opposition to the widely feared Wenceslas Square.

-,,We have to watch out for that gang of strippers," pointed out Filip.

-,,Just what is the truth, Filip," agreed Dominic.

-,,You mustn't be so afraid of them, they are women after all. Gentle creatures," the writer's mother spoke up.

-,,But mom, who knows how such, as you say, could have decimated such gentle creatures in the underground for decades." -,,Well, if they were strippers, they'll take a stick at men today, if they haven't grown up with her," suggested Filip. The writer was amused. But then they saw something that made the trio smile. There, a little below them, behind the four-lane road with dozens of impassable wrecks, on top of the desolate



square, by the statue of a horse with the OBJ  
patron saint of this country, St.

Wenceslas, something was hanging.

Indeed, as the man in the subway told. A  
chill ran down their spines. They  
preferred to go up the stairs to the  
heavy and huge doors of the museum. It  
was alive inside. People greeted them  
fleetingly and they continued to walk  
through the exhibits.

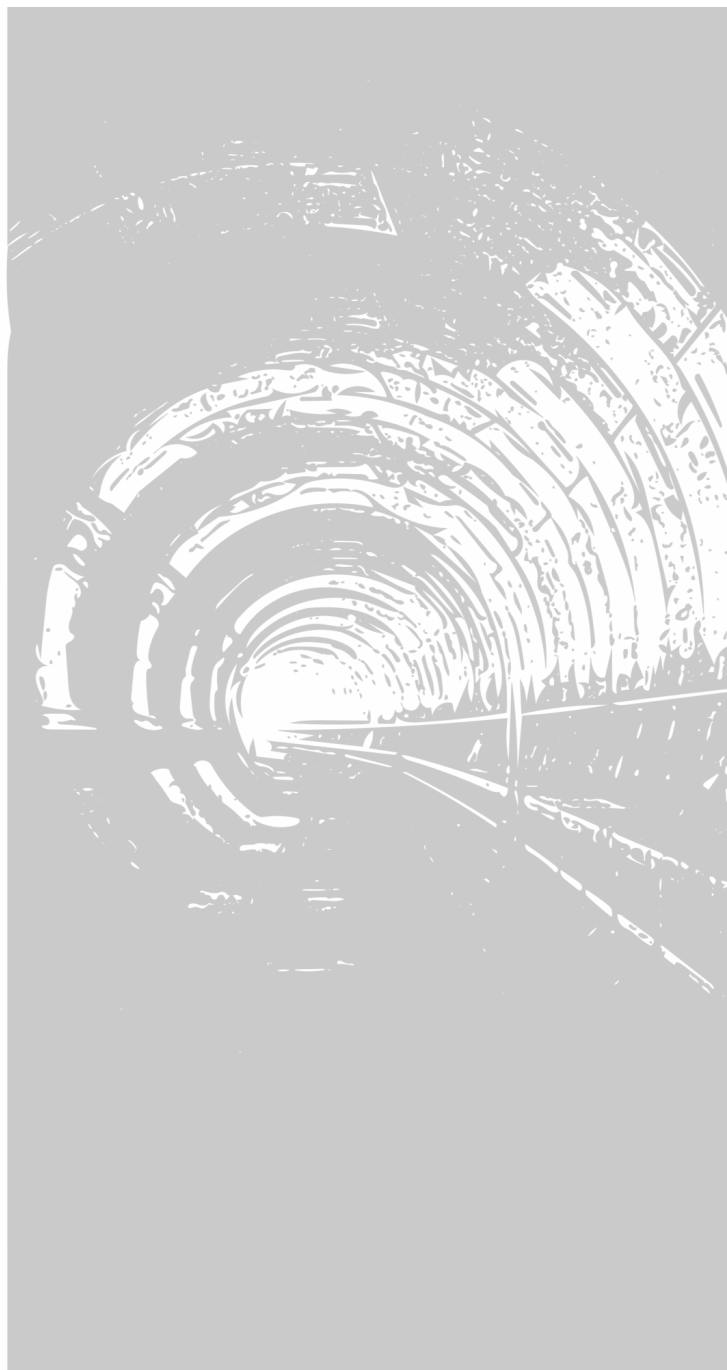
-, „The exhibits here remind me of your  
story about the collector from Zličín,"  
said Filip.

-, „Certainly yes, said a rude voice behind  
them. They turned around. A man with a  
beard stood there. He looked like a local  
elder.

-, „Have you already heard about the I. P.  
Pavlova taxidermist?"

-, „Not yet," replied the writer.

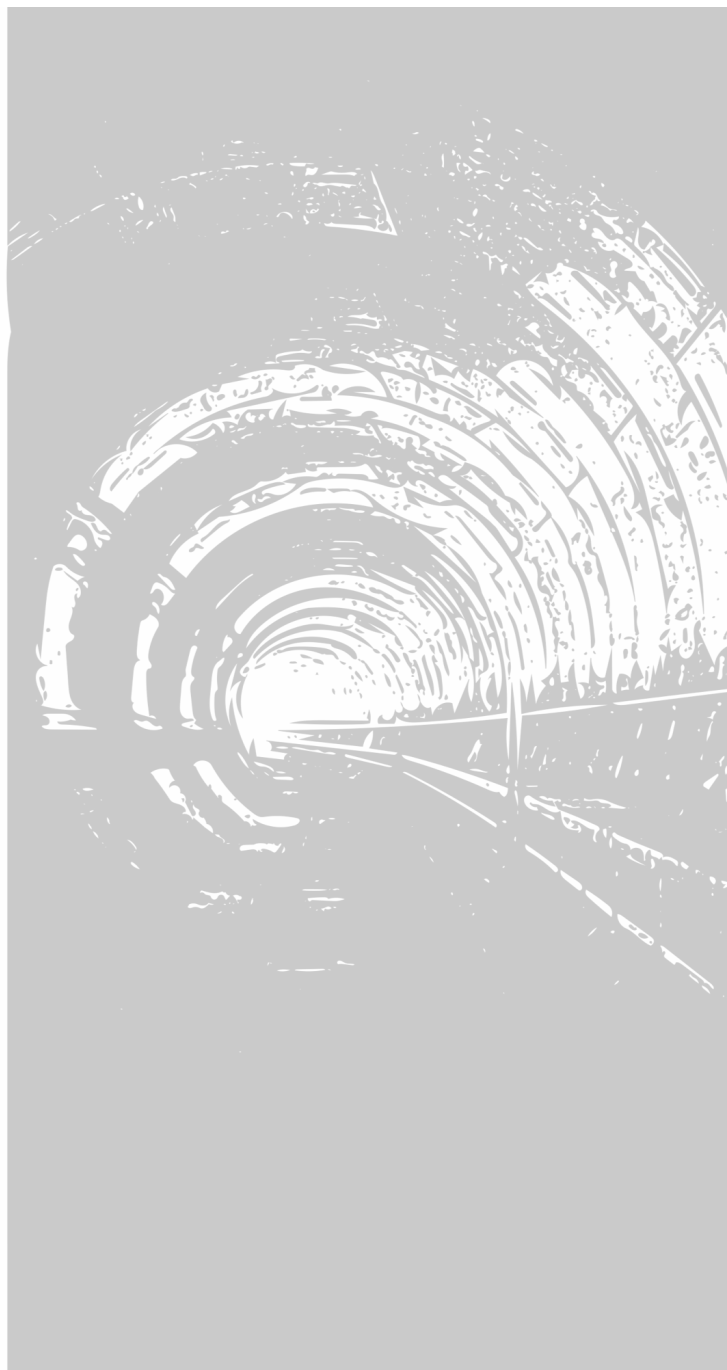
-, „In advance, I advise that the weak-  
minded should plug their ears or cover  
their eyes. After the outbreak of the  
war and the subsequent move to the



underground spaces for a time, one of OBJ the internal dispatchers, an older man, was furious. He always chose one suitable victim from the station.

However, people did not notice at first that they were losing their people. They were mostly loners, like him. Of course, what is exciting is that he chose his victims by their skin. Then one day he was discovered by accident when one of the auditors walked up to him. He had skinned mannequins and lampshades in that lair of his. He probably either ate the corpses or dragged them into the sewers. They were no longer found.

Anyway, his fate turned out unkindly. The station beat him to death. Then they hanged him and set him on fire. It still hangs there. Because of him, no one has lived there since. The whole station moved here. I.P. Pavlova therefore has a bad reputation. It is said that the cries of his victims can be heard through the tunnel."



The trio standing dumbfounded in front of him didn't have a single word to say.

Finally, however, the writer spoke up.

-, „I wouldn't be surprised if it was just a fluke. People always like to invent something to instill fear and thus gain an advantage over others.”

-, „If you want, go take a look there.”

-, „No thank you. I think you will be sufficient material for me to complete my work.”

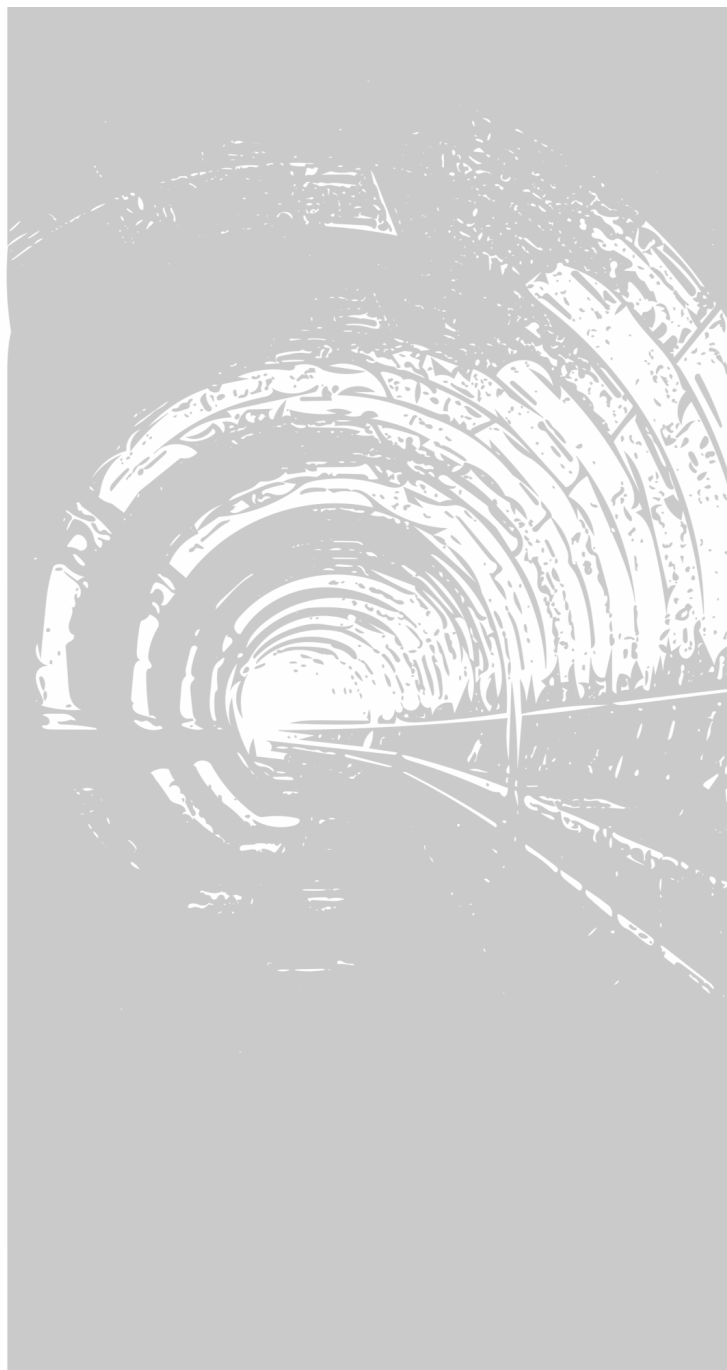
-, „And that?”

-, „Prague metro guide. I need more information about other stations on the red line.”

-, „Of course I can help you with that, but don't count on 100% agreement.”

Vyšehrad

-, „People do not live here only in the subway, i.e. the tunnel hidden in the Nusle bridge, but again behind the walls





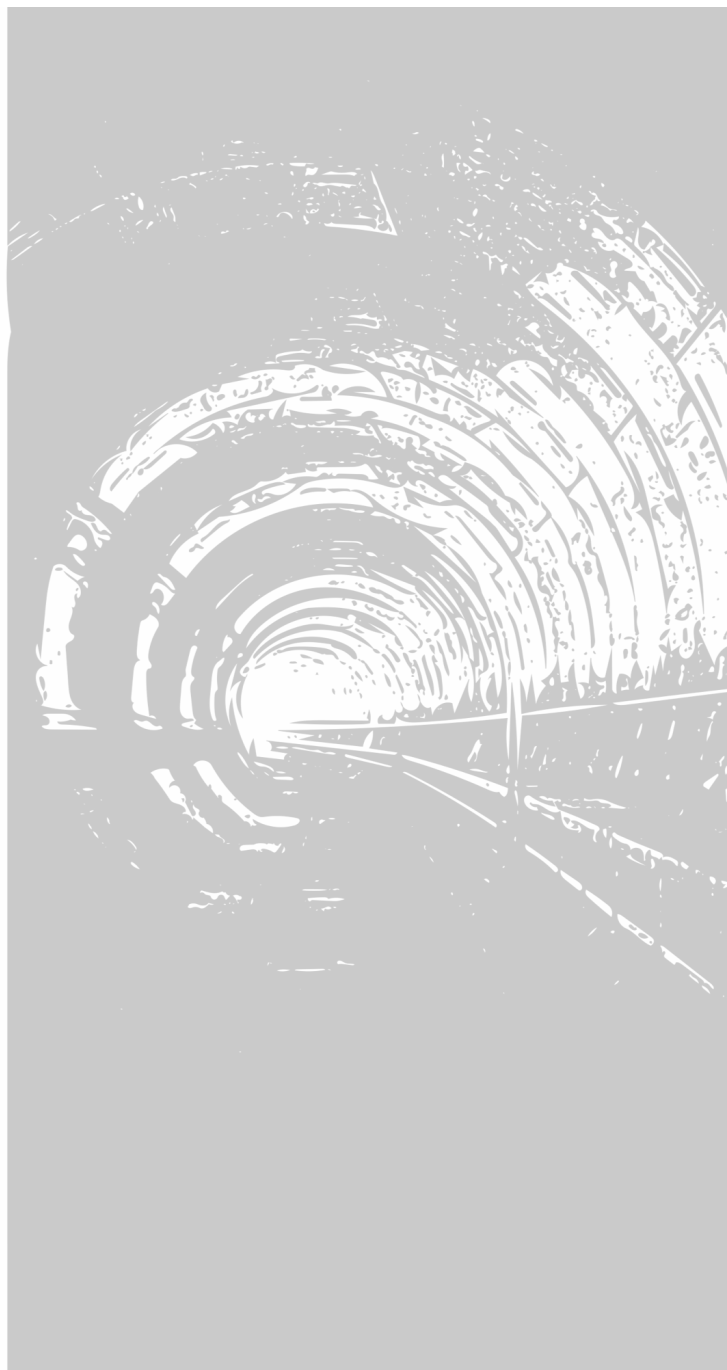
of the nearby remains of Vyšehrad<sup>[OBJ]</sup> Castle, which miraculously remained intact. They have their own community built there, just like in the time of his greatest life."

#### The Prague Uprising

-, Insurgents live here, but it is not known who they are rebelling against. Probably against the rest of the stations from their end."

#### Pankrác

-, The station is known for its prison. I would say that many people will live in it and those who were in it will be scattered around the city. Of course, what is happening at the station is unknown to me. People probably live there, like in the other stations."



-,I don't know more about the other OBJ

stations. It's just that if you send

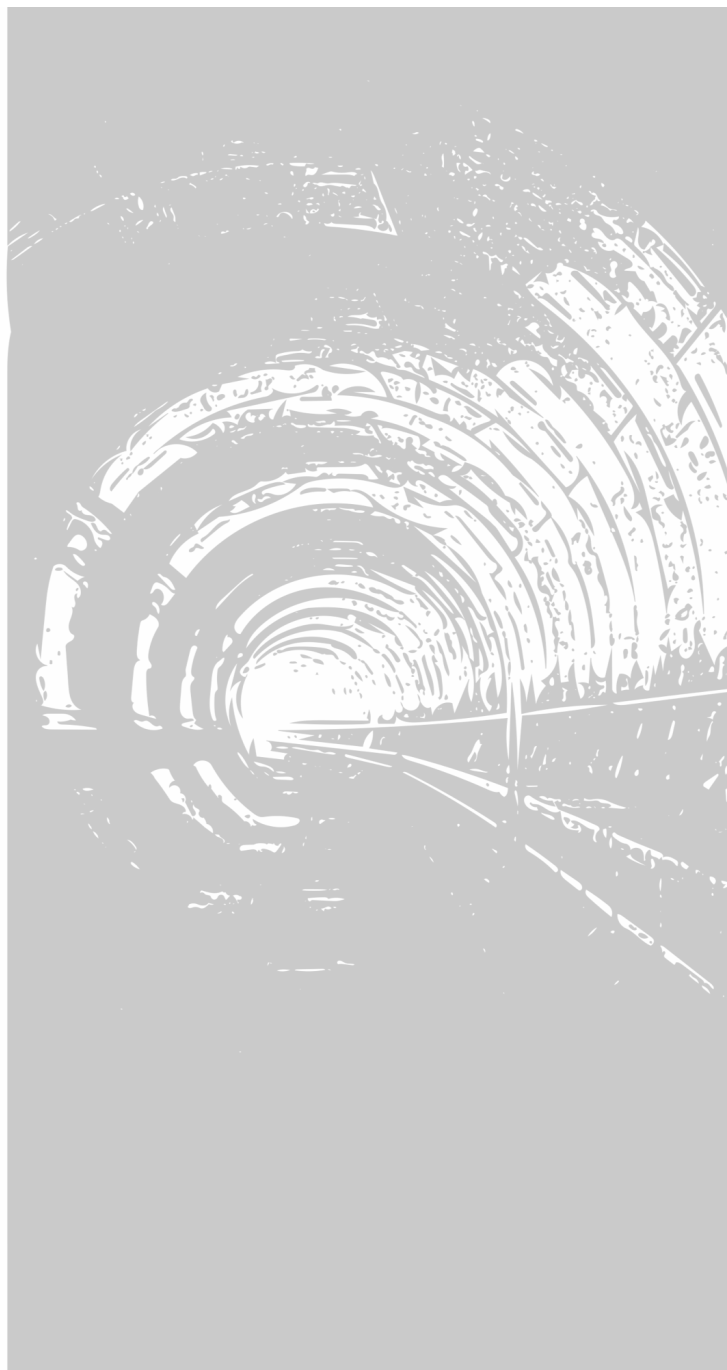
someone to hell, they'll have a good ride.

Until the final one.”

-,What about the green line?

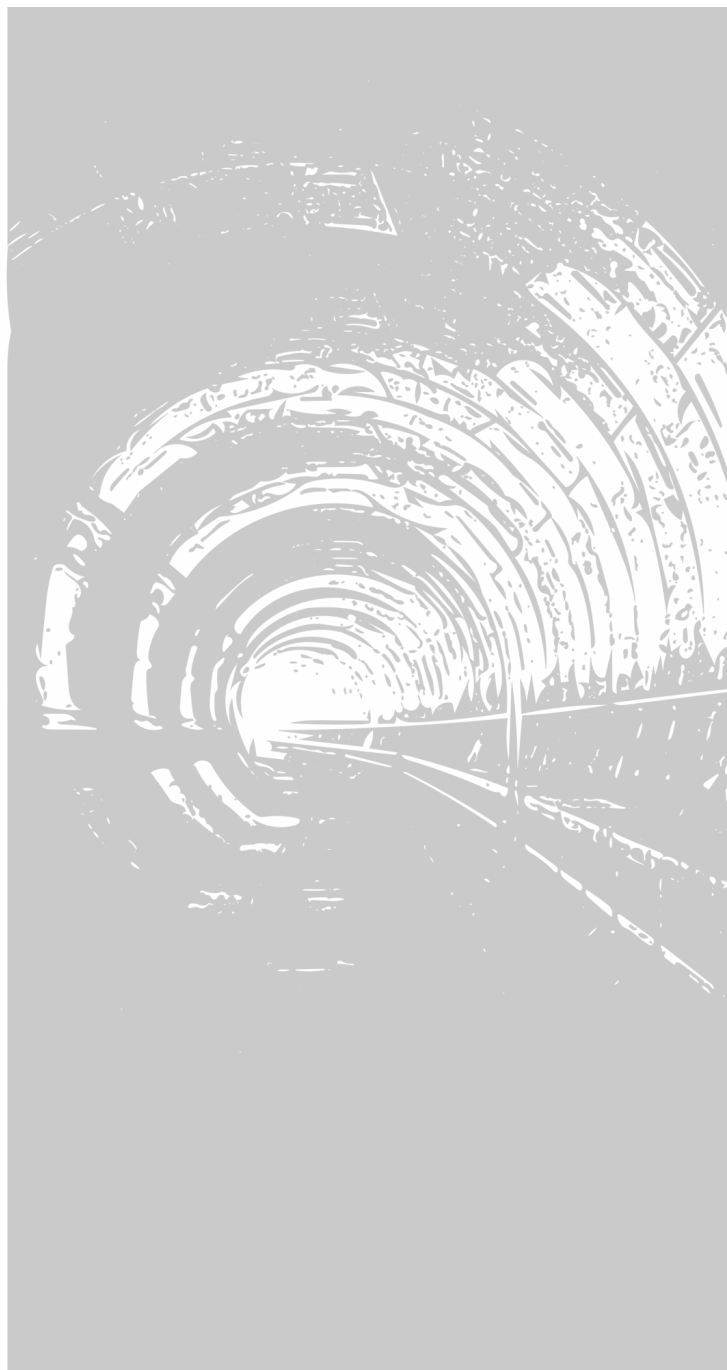
-, Well, here is the nearest station.





## Peace Square<sup>[OBJ]</sup>

The deepest station in the subway. We have news from there that there are side tunnels connecting to the sewer river and other underground labyrinths leading through the entire Prague underground, including a secret government line, perhaps even to tunnels leading under the entire republic, or at least what is left of it. However, that is not all. Something drove a proportion of this station's population back to the surface. They now live in a church directly above the station. Allegedly because there are tunnels leading to hell itself. Locals there could hear the screams and wails of the poor people roasting in the flames of hell."



George from Poděbrady<sup>[OBJ]</sup>

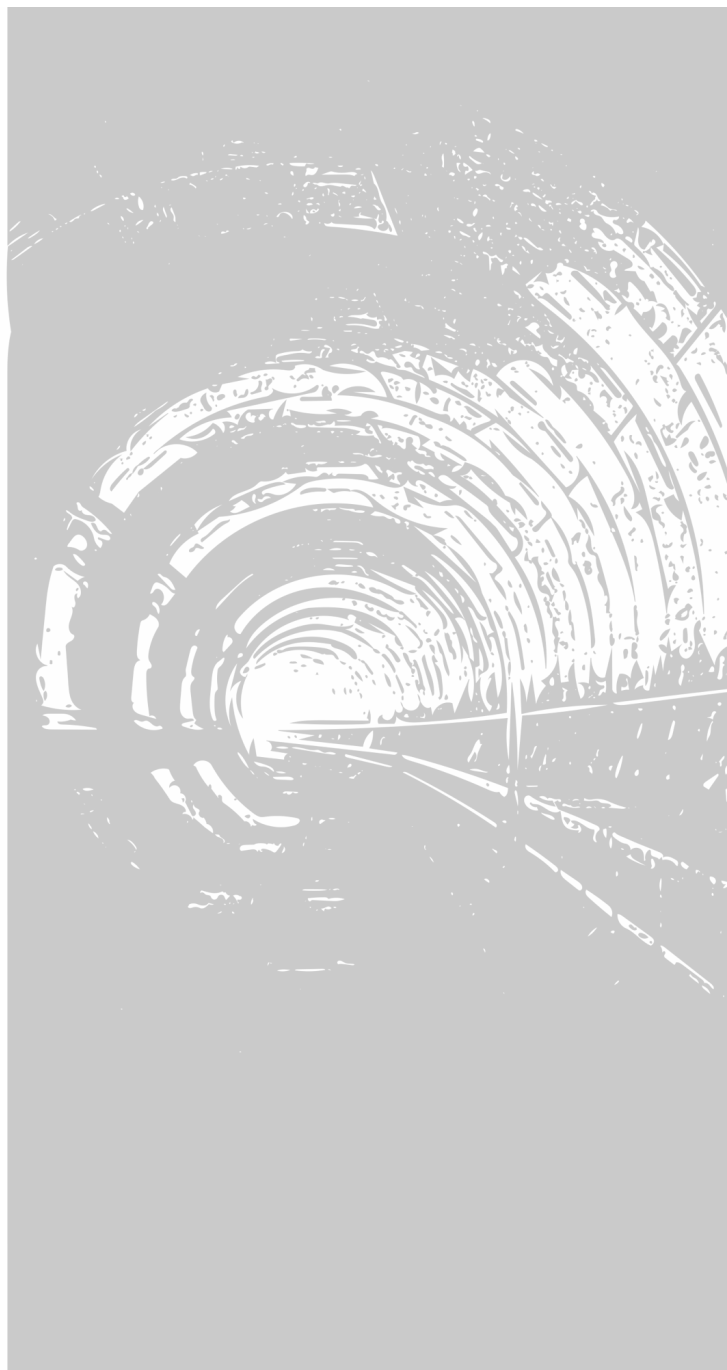
-, „A station belonging to the Hussites. He believes that it is possible to build a new empire in the subway underground.”

Flora

-, „One of the stations referred to as Prague's Florida, because right above it is a large shopping center that has been occupied by the locals. So they live there like a cotton candy.”

Želivská

-, „The rest of the metro has the residents there for bullies. They have purified water there for that.” -, „It's like here in Lužiné and Hůrek,” said Filip. -, „You're going a long way, then,” commented the man. -, „Behind this station is the subway:



Terrible (Strašnická)<sup>[OBJ]</sup>

Allegedly, it's haunted there, but we don't have more information, because everyone there is afraid, and therefore we don't know anything about the rest of the line."

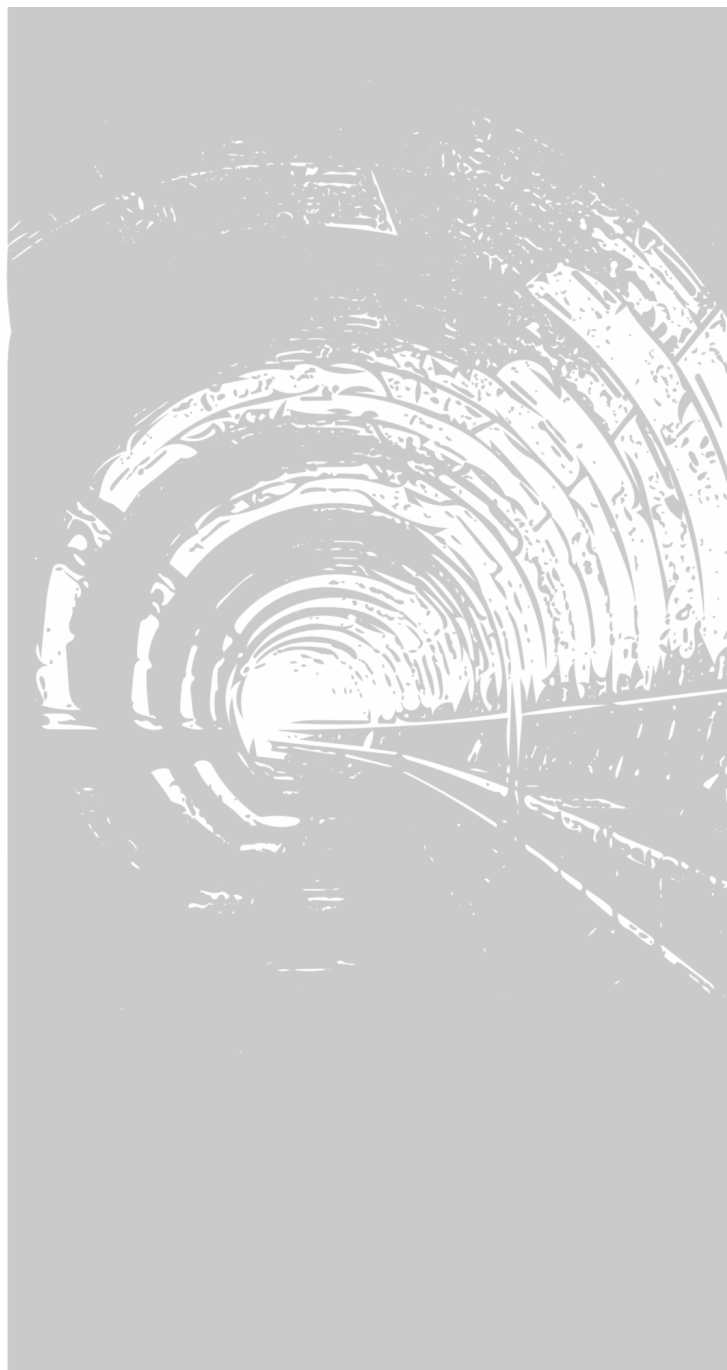
-, „I wouldn't even be surprised if the locals haunted the tolls there. I already have some experience with their mentality," said the writer.

-, „Well, that's all I can tell you. You will have to get the rest of the information yourself. I would recommend you to visit Můstek station."

They followed his advice and after spending some time together in the museum, they went underground again towards Můstek station."

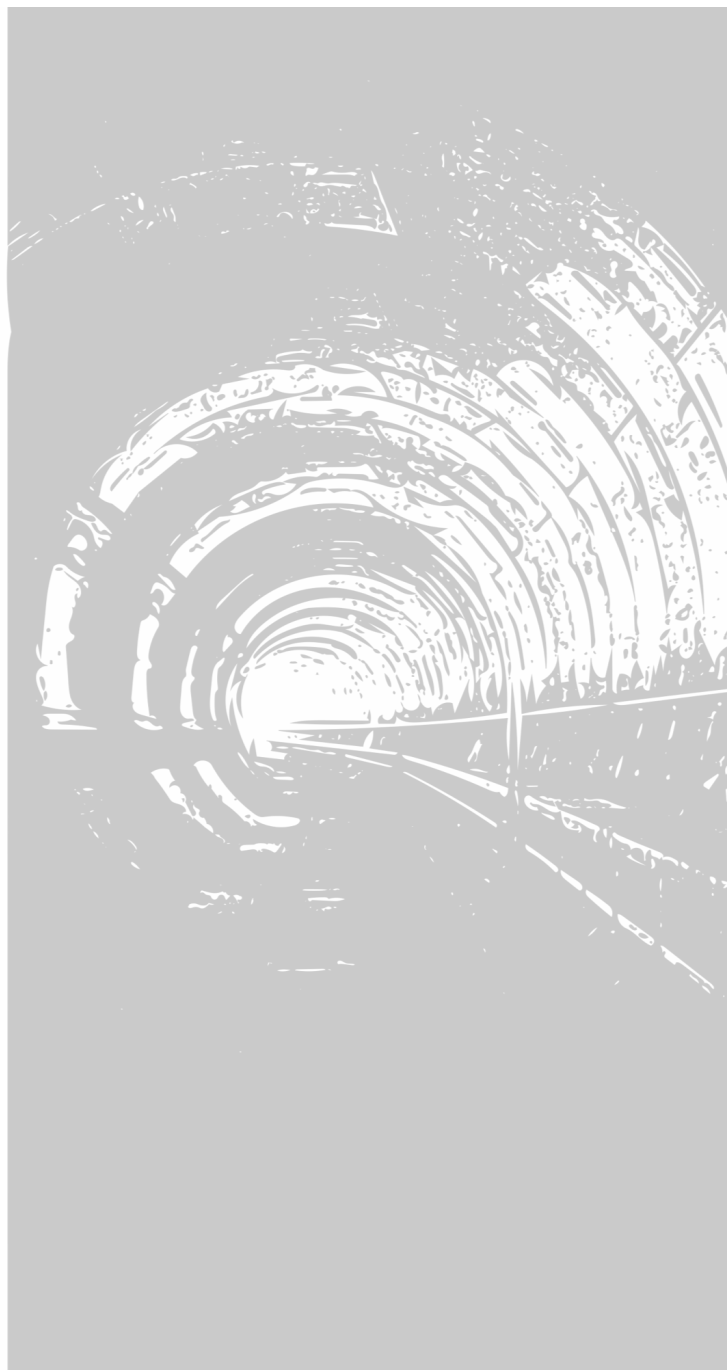
Bridge

They finally arrived at a station crossing the opposite part of their yellow line. They were located directly



under Wenceslas Square, which on the OBJ surface was threatened by a gang of strippers. But now other exits to the surface were opened for them, of course, now they didn't need to go there again. Quite the opposite. As deep as possible, into the very center of the musty tunnel, full of wagons inhabited by people. The wagons are on both tracks up to Karlovo náměstí station. Each of them is for one family. The Máj shopping center is right above the subway on the National Avenue, which is also inhabited. Craftsmen live here. Karlovo náměstí, the tunnel there is flooded. Among other things, there is a shamer. Staroměstská, the oldest people from the Prague Hanseatic League are sent here so that they can live peacefully together. The whole station is like one giant sanatorium. Behind it, the tunnel is already flooded. On the opposite side, there is:



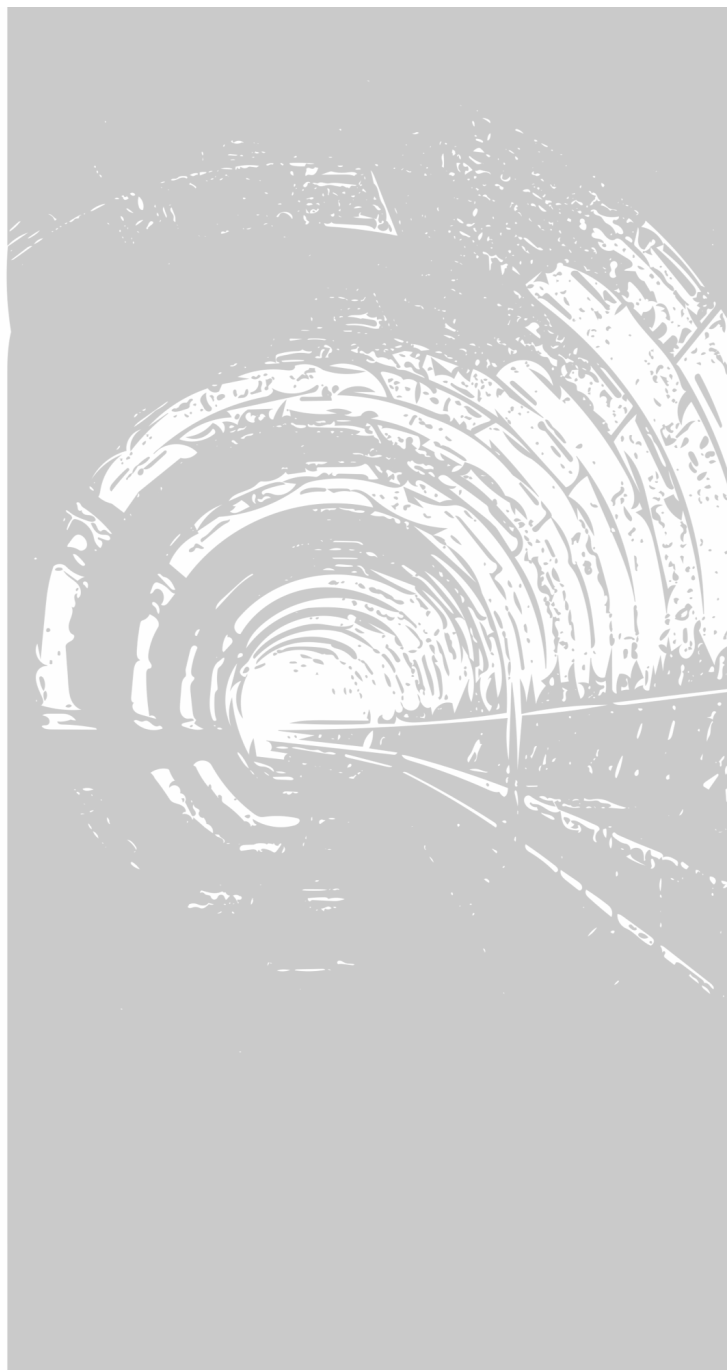


## Republic square OBJ

Again there is a mall called Palladium. Also inhabited. Most of the time important people live here, with a fairly high probability that when you finish your book and sell it to the Hanseatics for printing, you will be able to live here too.

## Florence

The station is cut off from one side by the Vltava. On the other side, it is adjacent to the Central Station. From the third, the route of the B. Křižíkova line continues - here people worship crosses as a reminder of the past. Someone even volunteered to be crucified here. At least for a while. Then someone replaced him. Behind her was:



### Invalid facility<sup>[OBJ]</sup>

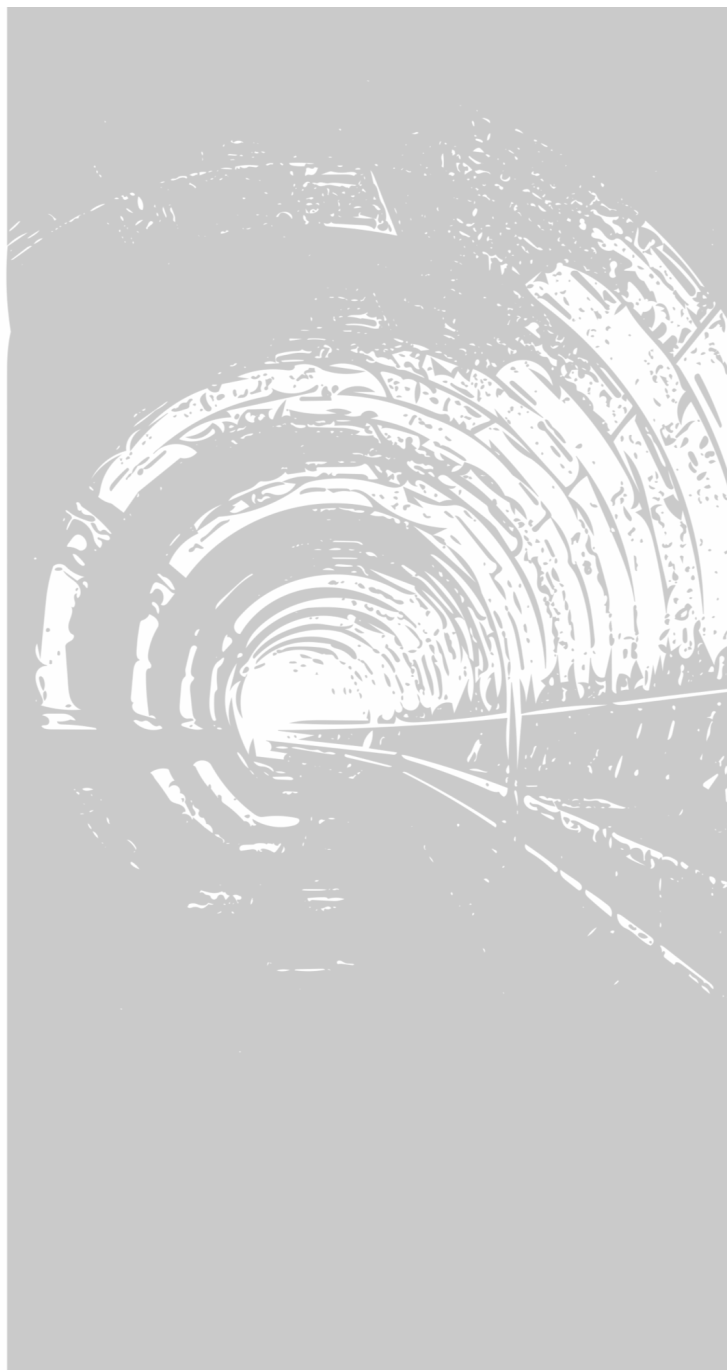
They send all the sick and wounded there. It's such a big infirmary. It's like an underground nursing base. Of course, almost every station has an infirmary.

### Palm tree

One bomb fell there. Fortunately, the smaller one. Even so, it made a big palm over Prague. At this, Dominic remembered the plastic palm trees they had glazed over at the station. Plants thrive underground there.

### Czech-Moravian

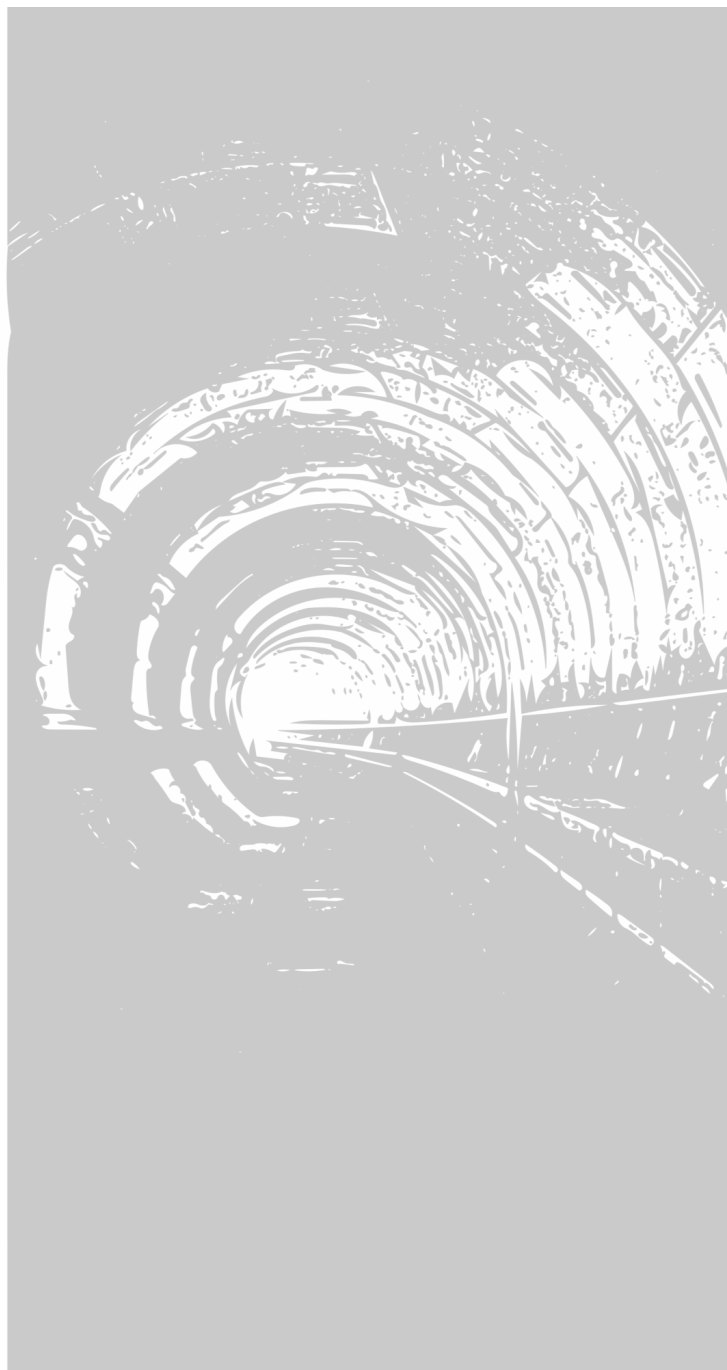
People from outside of Prague live here. Those who managed to escape from beyond the outskirts of Prague or the Central Bohemian region, who went to the capital for work or to school. After people began to be categorized in the



subway and redistributed into OBJ  
individual stations, this station became  
one of the most populated and well-  
secured of its kind.

### Vysočanská

This is where the bureaucracy resides.  
All those who used to live in  
residential areas or in various  
settlements decided to settle in this  
station after the situation stabilized  
after the air raid on Prague, which  
relocated all life here to the tunnels of  
Prague's integrated transport. Living  
here is comfortable. Sometimes too much.  
Smetánka and living in underground  
spaces. Can you imagine that? Well, they  
settled in there so well that you  
wouldn't tell them that. They play cards  
every night, have an endless supply of  
tobacco, and most of all, they don't  
skimp on entertainment, if you know  
what I mean. It is also no wonder that it  
is the most popular station of many

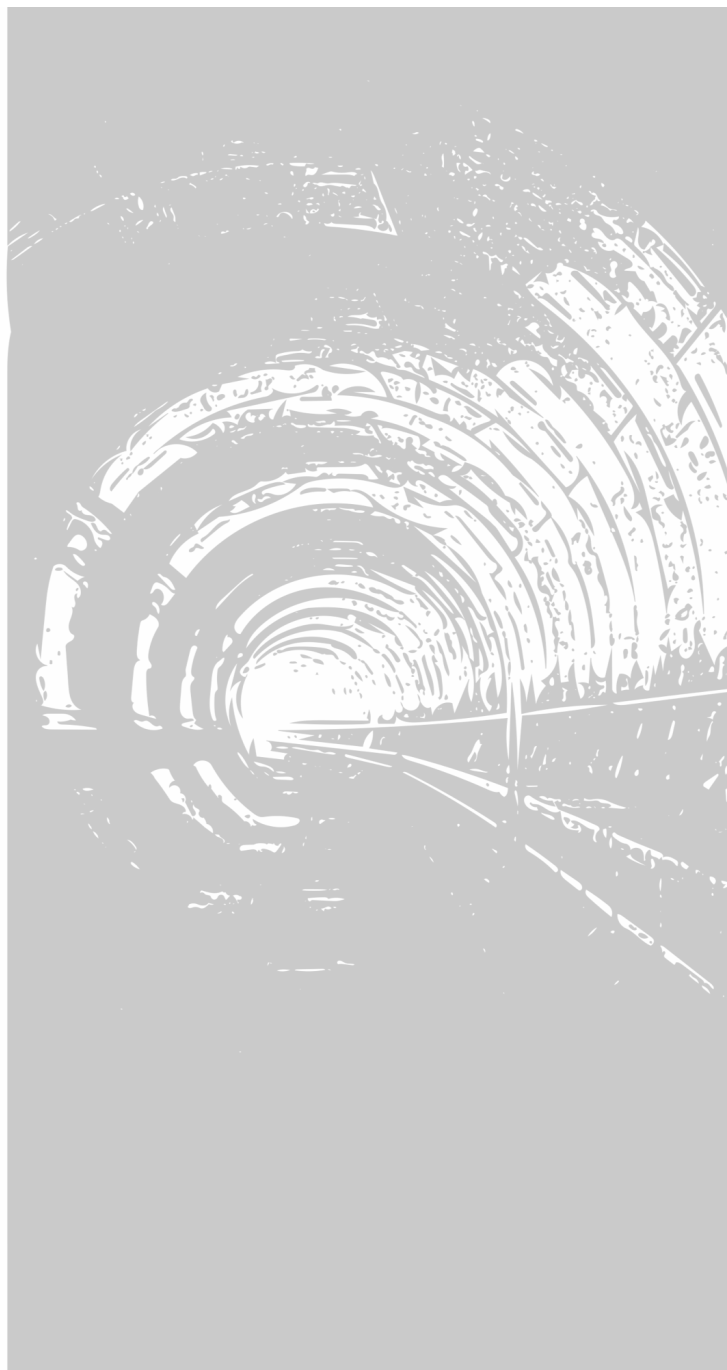


former tourists or emigrants who were OBJ here at the time of the disaster. You know, the nobility is docile, so you can learn anything there.

Kolbenova

Workers settled here. They have factories and large warehouses right above the entrance to the subway, which miraculously did not happen, so they go to work there. They produce a lot of things there that we normally use here in the metro, for example components from which sinks are then assembled. I've even heard that they are doing well in nova to build single-car short tram lines around the station. But it also works at the bottom. The women do the big cooking and the children hunt what they can. They used to climb into nearby stations to steal, but they figured it out. Those little devils had stolen everything possible in one of the side streets, it was unbelievable. In the end,

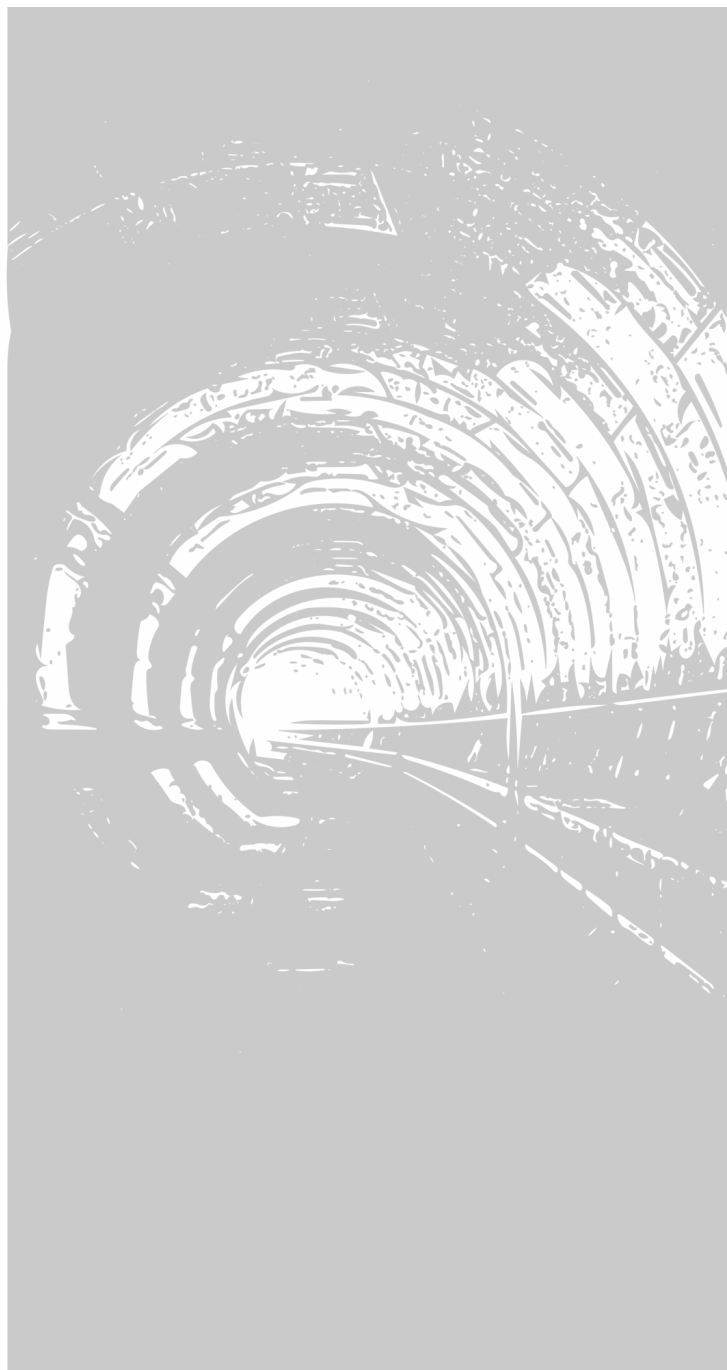




it was split between the two stations<sup>[OBJ]</sup>  
for the benefit of everyone. No one  
punished the children because none of  
them caught it. Who knows who or what  
put it there.

### Hloubětín

This is where the scum lives. A  
collection of everything and everyone  
that poured in from the surrounding  
area as they ran from the explosions.  
It's deeper than you'd think, but the  
locals really made a big deal out of it.  
The street mix of people brought  
mattresses here from nearby houses and  
warmed the whole station. It is probably  
the best insulated station of all. In the  
winter, winters from all over the  
populated metro sometimes gather there.

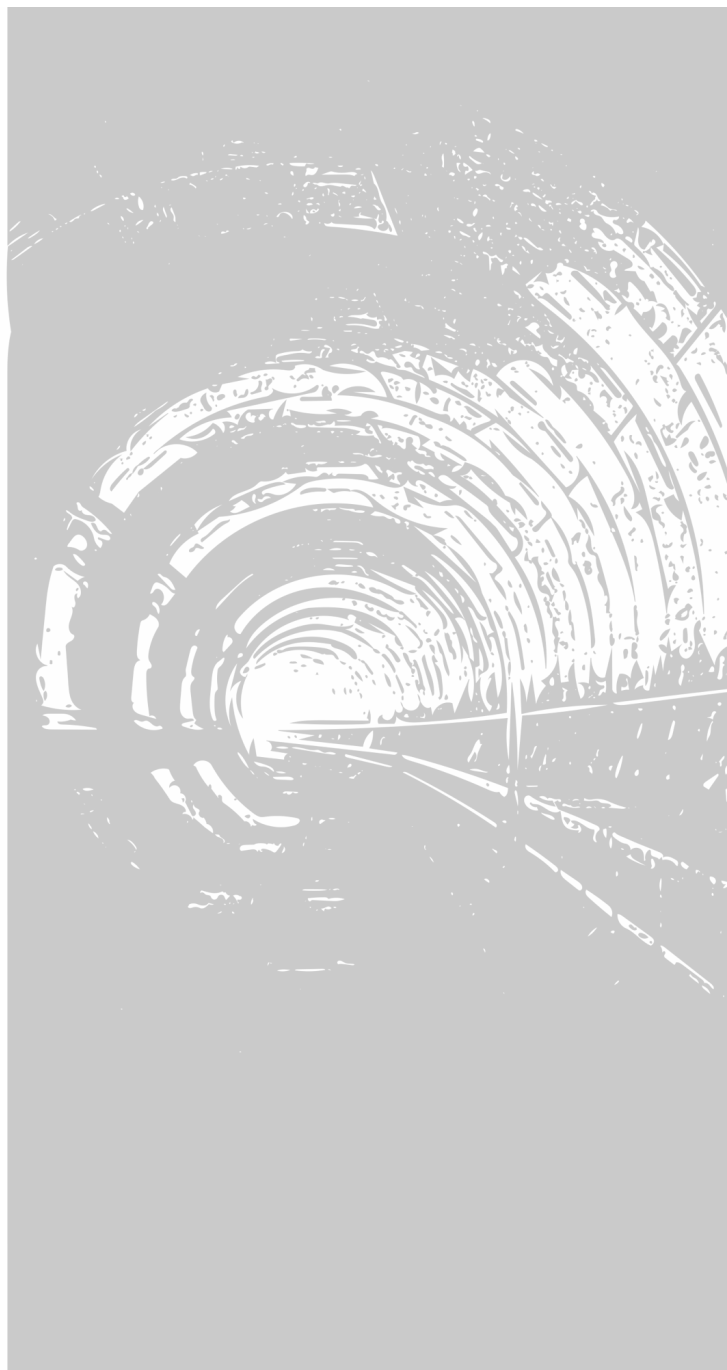


## Garden of Eden<sup>[OBJ]</sup>

Paradoxically, it is desolate. The station was very much on the surface, so it was hit by a lot of pressure waves from the explosions and is almost completely damaged. If anyone survived there, either move closer to the center of the metro. Or they live there in the wilderness like wild animals. It's hard to say what life is like outside of Prague. I haven't met anyone coming from there yet. Rather, it seems to me that people are fleeing from the subway, and there is nothing to be surprised about. Life goes on even after civilization.

## Black Bridge

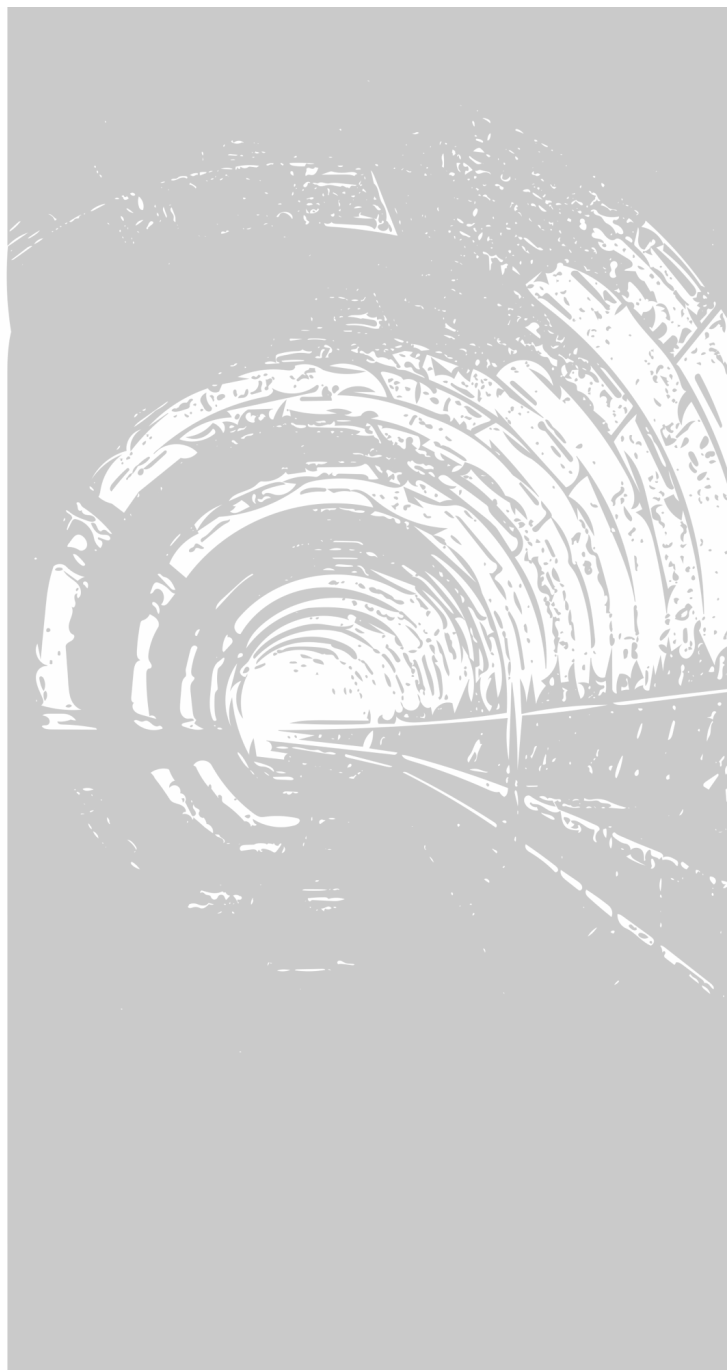
There are sirens, nothing is known about the red line. Sometimes someone from Vysočanská hears that they saw armed groups on councils and surveys, the rest of the red used to be only housing



estates, where their own hierarchy and political beliefs apply.

That's about all I could tell you about the metro. Well, for now. Of course, if you had more time, I could talk for hours about the events and history of the Prague metro after it was populated. By the way, the subway is throwing up, so hold on tight.

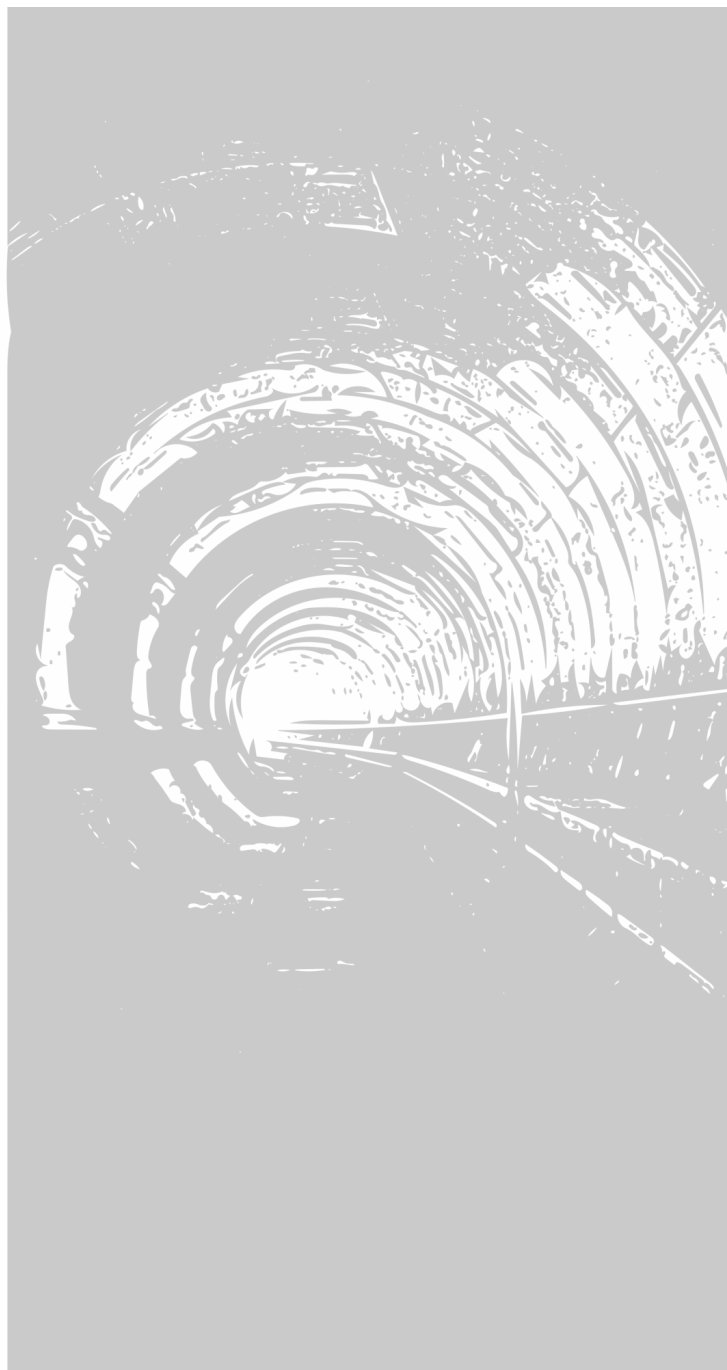
As Dominik rode the subway through the train station to Můstek station, he perceived the copper pipes as veins of gold that would be so easy to start mining that it would be dangerously deadly. They passed a lot of graffiti through the tunnel, which mainly appeared in the subway staff's back areas, which today were usually inhabited by some of the station residents who were the best fit for whoever represented the station. This also happened in the subway. He suspected that there were also stations



that represented themselves. They need no superior. [OBJ]

That's exactly how it seemed at first glance here in Mústok. It just smelled awful in here. The part of the metro with the entrance to the historical parts of the underground of the city of Prague was allegedly responsible for this. Who knows where they may lead even deeper. People lived here in longitudinally high-ceilinged spaces in their tall, sometimes several-room tents or booths. At these inhabited transfer hall corridors, they were mixed with various smells of baked food and a special musical accompaniment, the origin of which we discovered under the stairs on the boarding platform. There was a group of people acting like Indians. They were dressed or painted in different ways and used unique tools that created such unheard-of industrial sounds that in their unique combination were able to defeat the paranoia that





the underground environment and the <sup>OBJ</sup> narrowness of the tunnels could induce.

That group of musicians lit up everything around. Supporters swaying to the beat. Just waiting for someone who would have words to those ever-repeating rhythms. Filip nudged Dominik lightly with his elbow to the god to dare to step out. Dominik turned his head towards him with an uncomprehending expression.

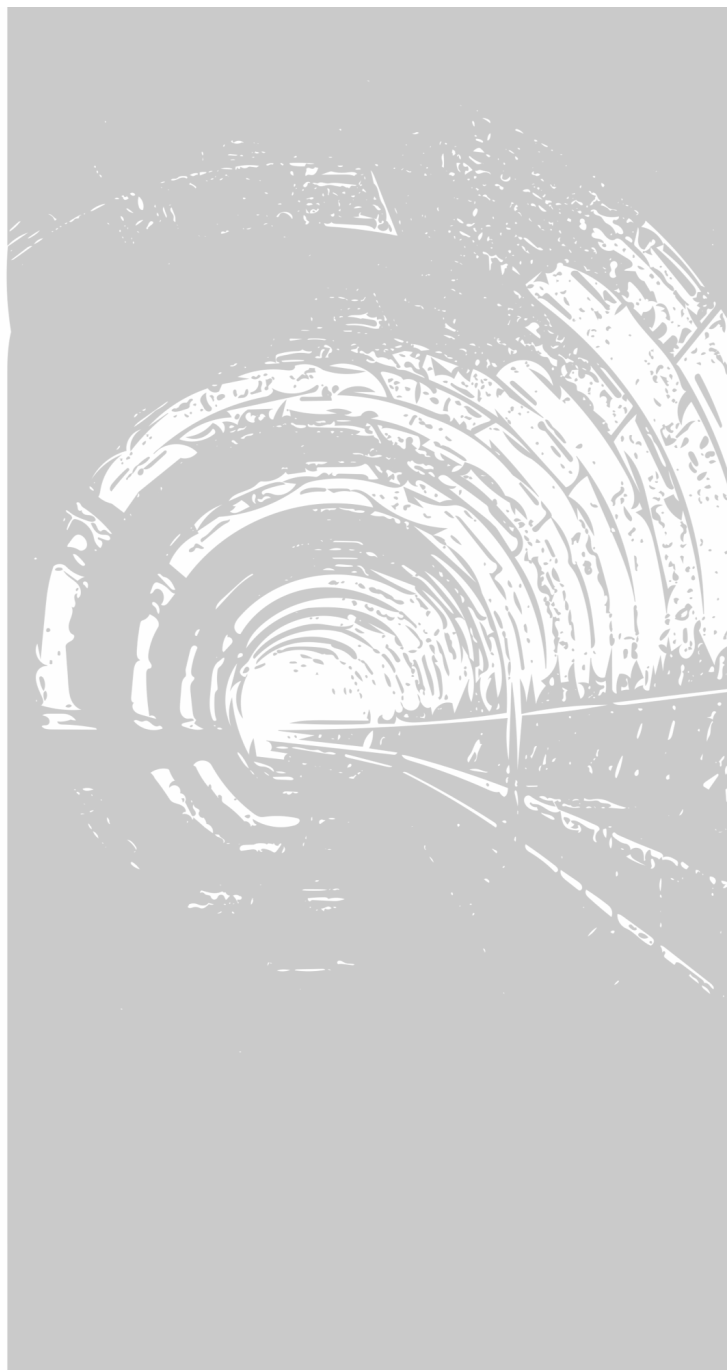
-„Come on, you can do it. You should dare.

-„I am ashamed. It's not a good idea.

-„Come on.

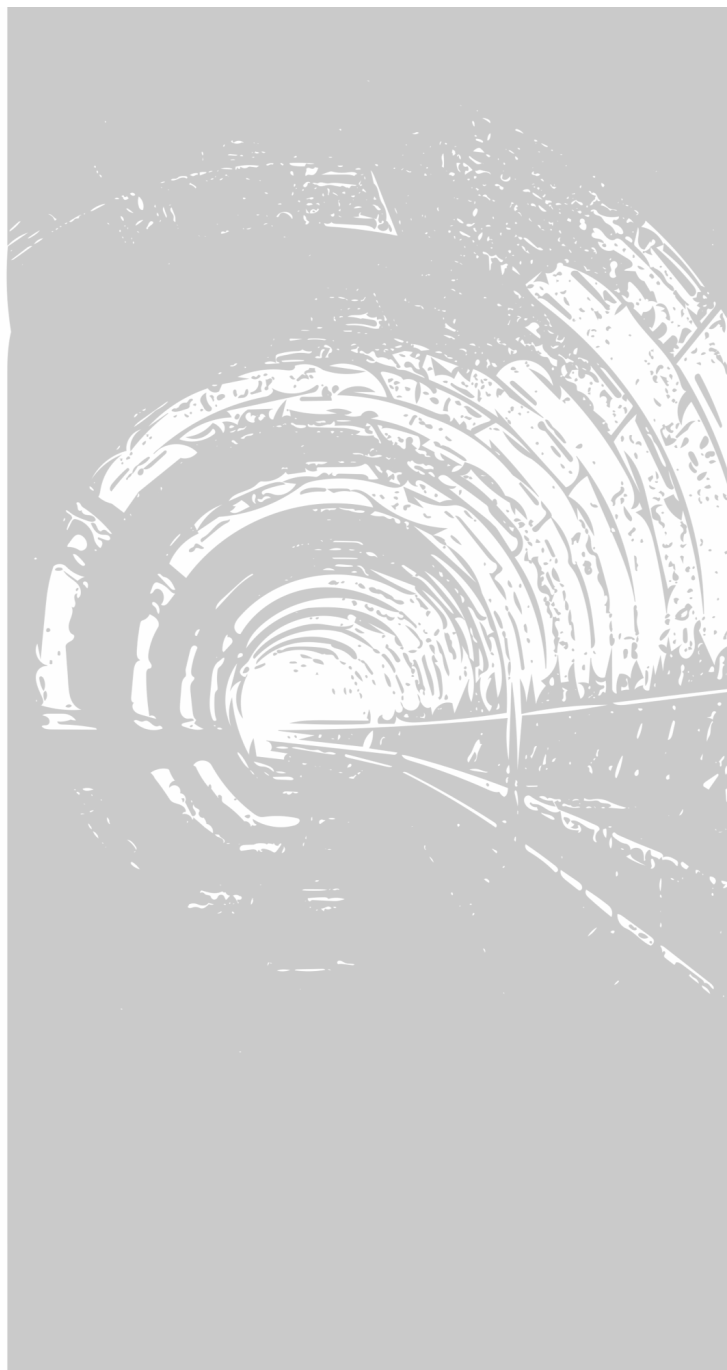
-„What if it's right to let the music play itself?

-„Well, what do you think. So they listened to a group of Indian musicians for a while and then together with Mother decided to go further. At Náměstí republiky station.



## Republic square

The walls of this station were golden. They gave off a luxurious impression, but that was only for the reason that at the moment there was perhaps no cleaner station in the entire metro. The metro station was more likely to be considered a business one, as it was strewn with stalls for sellers and for travelers who wanted to sleep there, there was a reserved place in the back area for former employees. The residents of the station occupied the former shopping center called Palladium, which stretched right above the station, to which one of the two exits led. The other led to the Jan Masaryk station, which was also put into operation with two lines that alternated in the transport of various goods or people to the main station. Thanks to this complexity of the underground center and surface lines, it



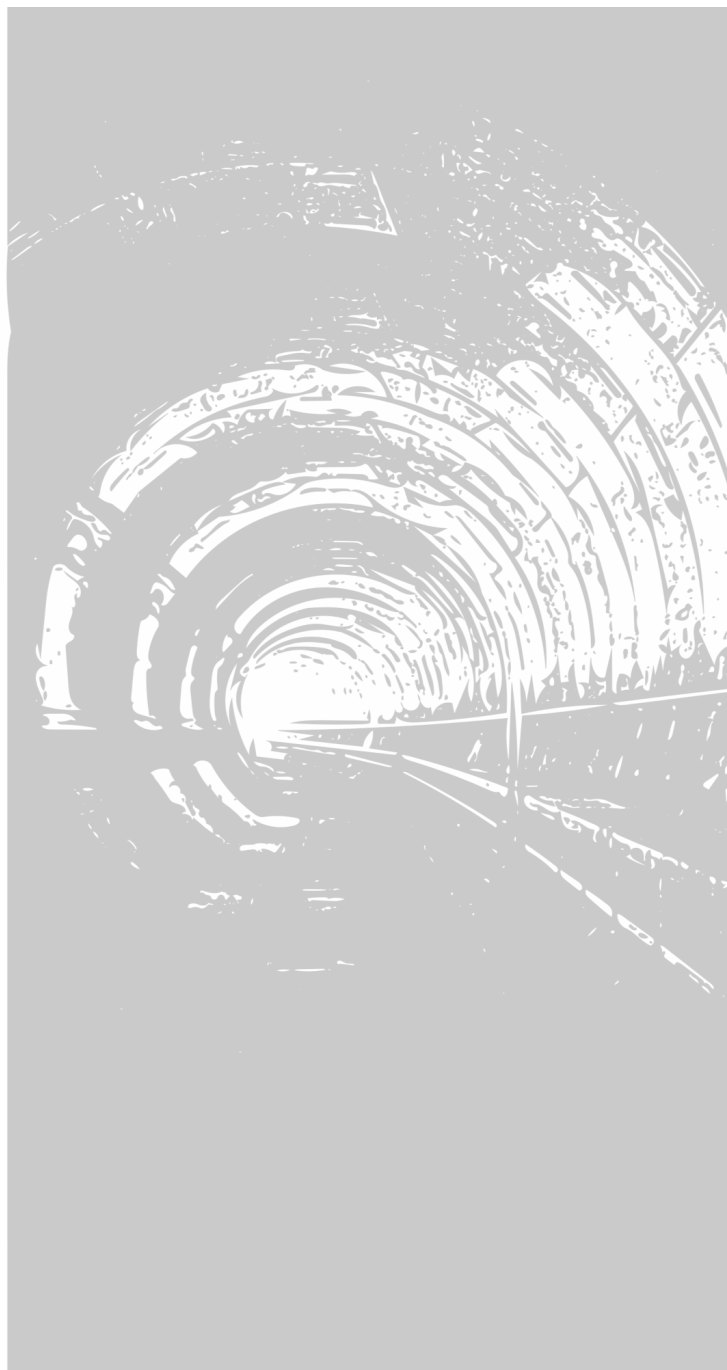
was the best place to live in the whole <sup>[OBJ]</sup> city. The entrance to the Palladium was guarded by an armed squad of several men. They embarrassed everyone who passed by because they found unnecessary terror with their weapons. Of course they let everyone in without a worry. So why were they standing there? If anyone dared to challenge the Palladium?

Or in front of something from outside? People answered the question by saying that they always stood there. This brought Dominik to the place, among all the shops converted into apartments, where the representatives of the station stayed.

-„Hello,” he greeted them directly.

-„Good, do you wish?”

-„Allow me to introduce myself. My name is Dominic. I am coming to you from Lužiny station. I bring you my work, which I have been working on since the first days in the subway,” he presented



his manuscript to them on the table. OBJ

-, „What is it?" One of the older men wondered and took her in his hand. He started flipping through her. The other was looking at Dominic.

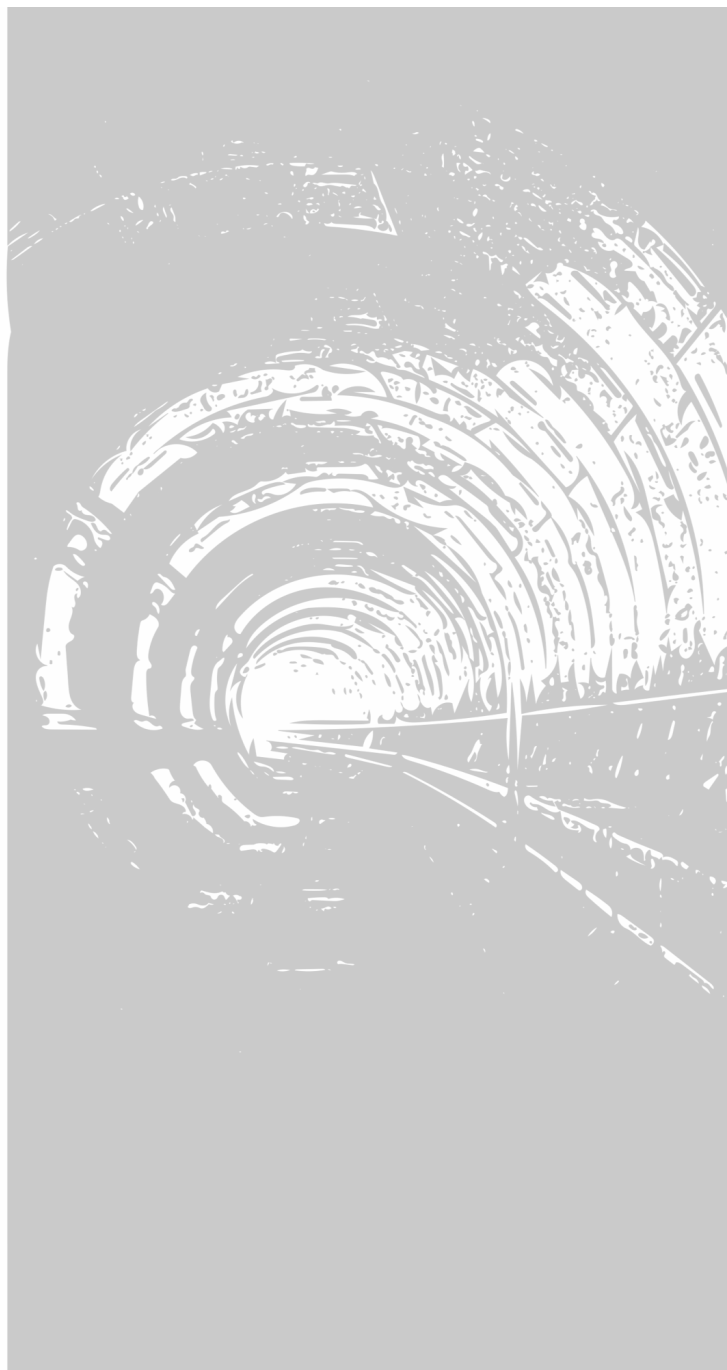
-, „It's a subway guide. Everything I learned about the different stations," he replied.

-, „What do you think it's good for?" Asked the one who was looking at him seriously and incredulously.

-, „The subway driver. Well that's amazing. This could really appeal to people and bring people together. Amazing boy and you came up with this on your own?"

The man who was looking at her responded. You could see that he was very excited about it. The other took it in his hand and examined it as well. As soon as he opened it, his expression changed. Dominic's smile showed that he was grateful for their reaction. The entire manuscript was enriched with various hand-painted illuminations and



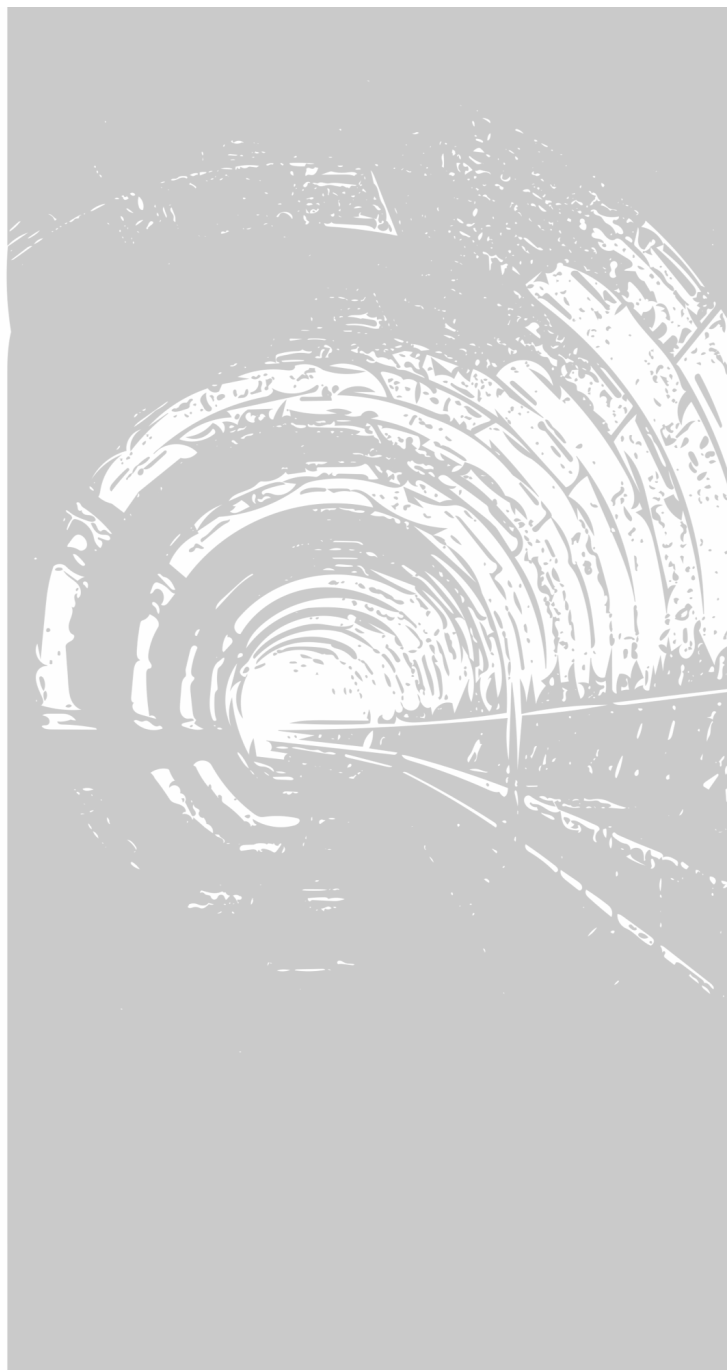


other accessories that gave the whole OBJ manuscript an incredible effect.

-„Good, I really like your idea. Finally someone who created something for others and it's useful. We'll have to rewrite it on the computer. Some still work for us here. You will definitely want to keep working on it, right?”

-„Sure," replied Dominik.

-„Okay, come on, I'll take you to our uncles," he said and waved him out of their office. They walked together along the railing, below which was a few floors down to the exposure of the foundation stone, which miraculously remained intact behind the glass. He led him to a section that was equipped with several computers and housed several technically proficient individuals. He got to know everyone and together they showed them his manuscript. None of the newly met people had any idea until Dominik presented it to them. They looked very surprised. There was



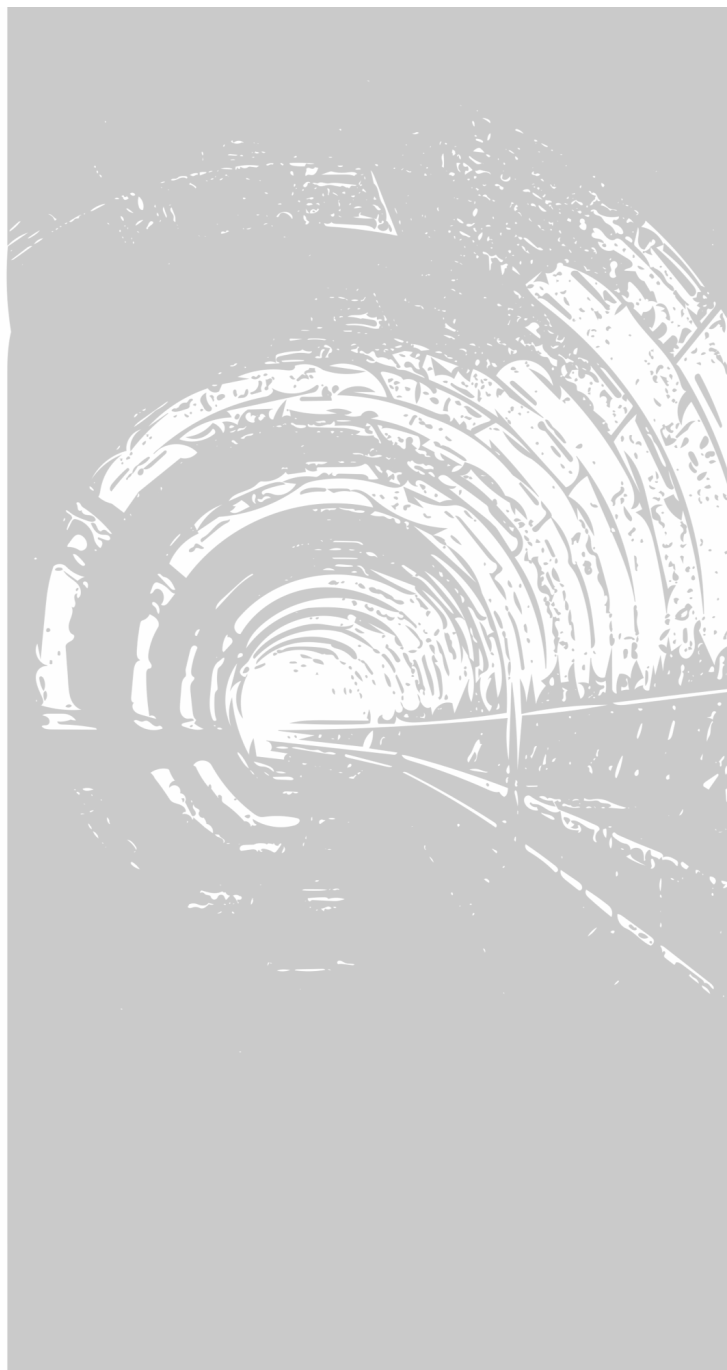
nothing to be surprised about, they had<sup>[OBJ]</sup> never seen anything like this in their lives. They were happy that something was finally going to happen. Then they went to Dominik's mother and his friend Filip. They were chatting with a group of locals.

-„Good, you came here with Dominik, right?"

-„Of course, I am his mother and here is Filip, a friend from our station."

-„Great. I wanted to congratulate you on such a talented son. What he created is incredible. I wanted to invite all three of you to sit down. Please follow me, we still have a lot to discuss."

He ushered them into the local area at the very top, which was still being used as a canteen. Here he entertained them and they discussed, among other things, the important question of whether they would like to start a new life here. The representative of the station was very convinced that such a personality as



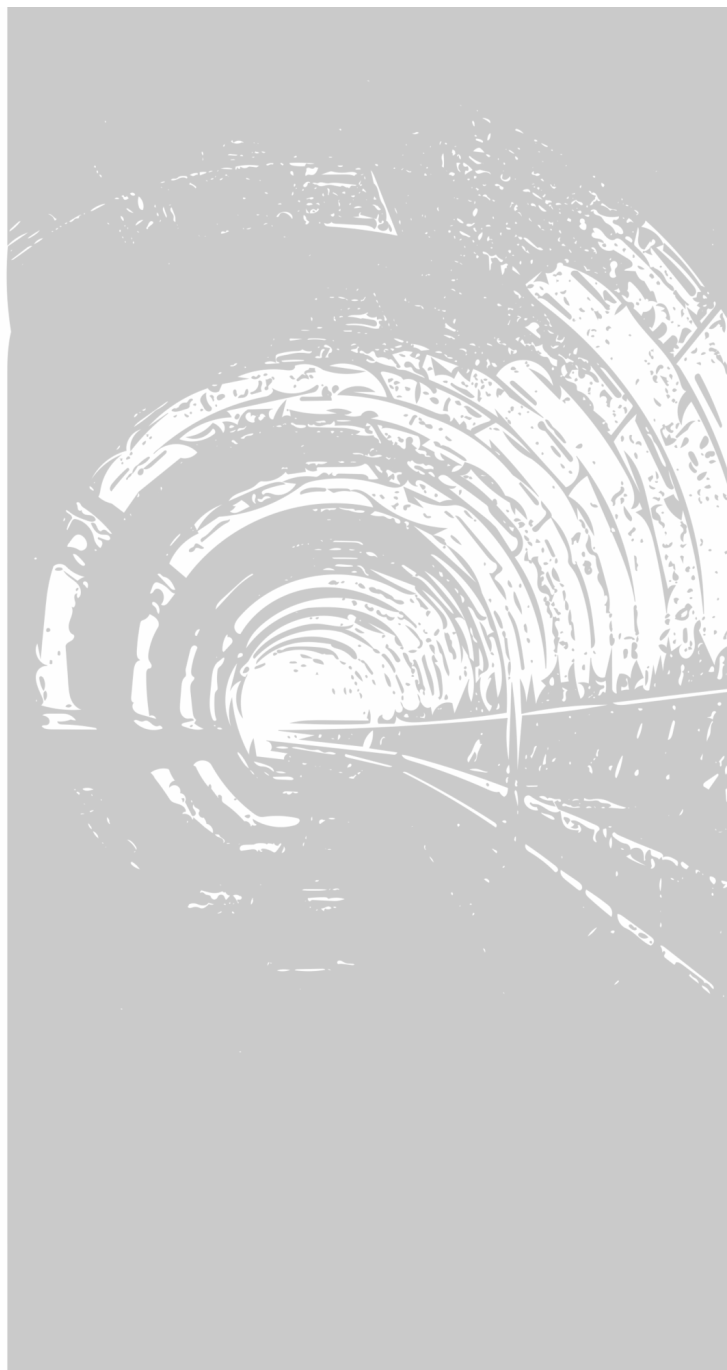
Dominik is exactly the one who should OBJ live here, because he deserves it for his work for the rest of the residents of the metro. After being entertained, he took them to the people who were in charge of accommodation and order here at the Palladium. They helped them find a beautiful place where they could settle together. Everyone with their own room, of course.

-„Finally comfort," Filip was enjoying it.

-„Do you already know what you are going to do here? Dominic asked.

-„Yes, we talked about it with those people when you came with Mr. They say I would fit in as a sales assistant or in the kitchen. I guess I'll be able to try everything here. And there are pretty girls. We already winked at each other once."

-„Great," Dominik was happy. He wished him that. He himself was warmed by the happiness that they really managed to do it all. He also secured his mother and



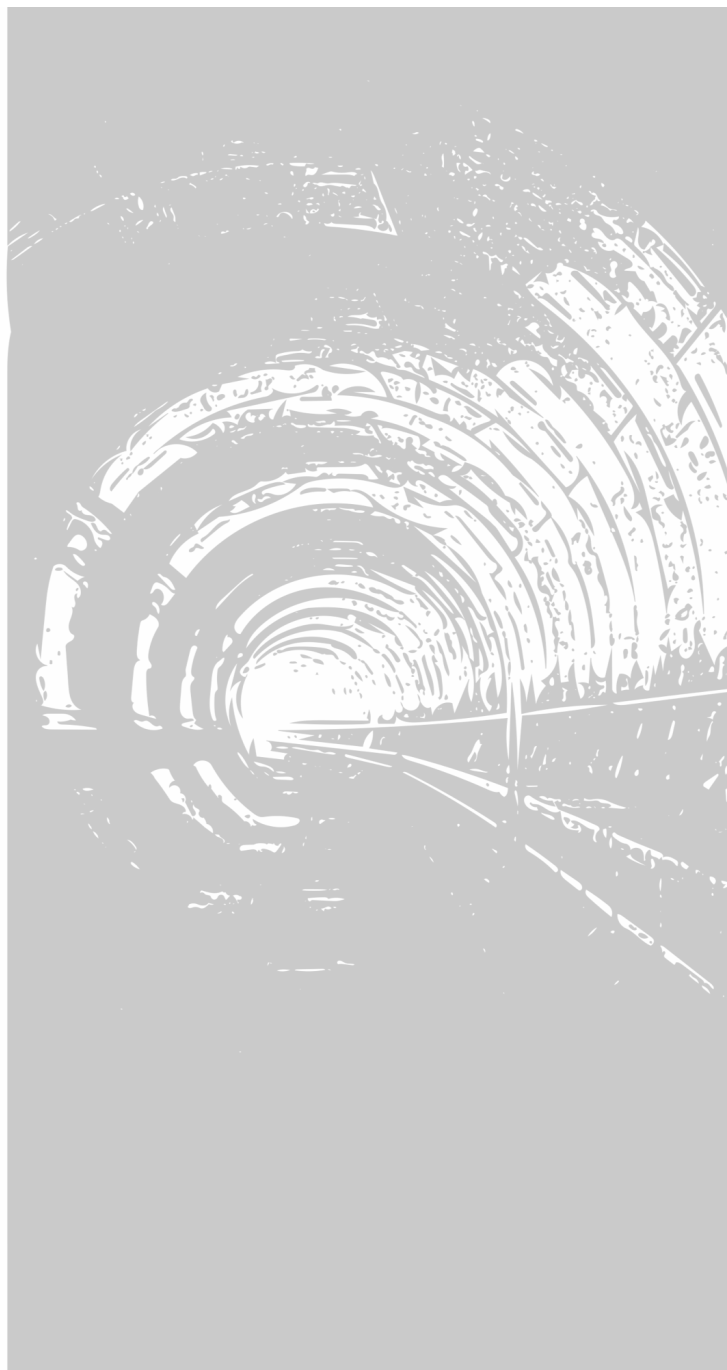
led her to a beautiful place where she OBJ is safe and clean.

He went to the computer section first thing in the morning and started reworking his book into digital form. However, in the process, he realized that he was only missing the last station, and it was right next door. A station called Florenc. It is said that life is good there too. There are a lot of people there, but they live down in the station, which is double because it is a transfer. He will have to go there.

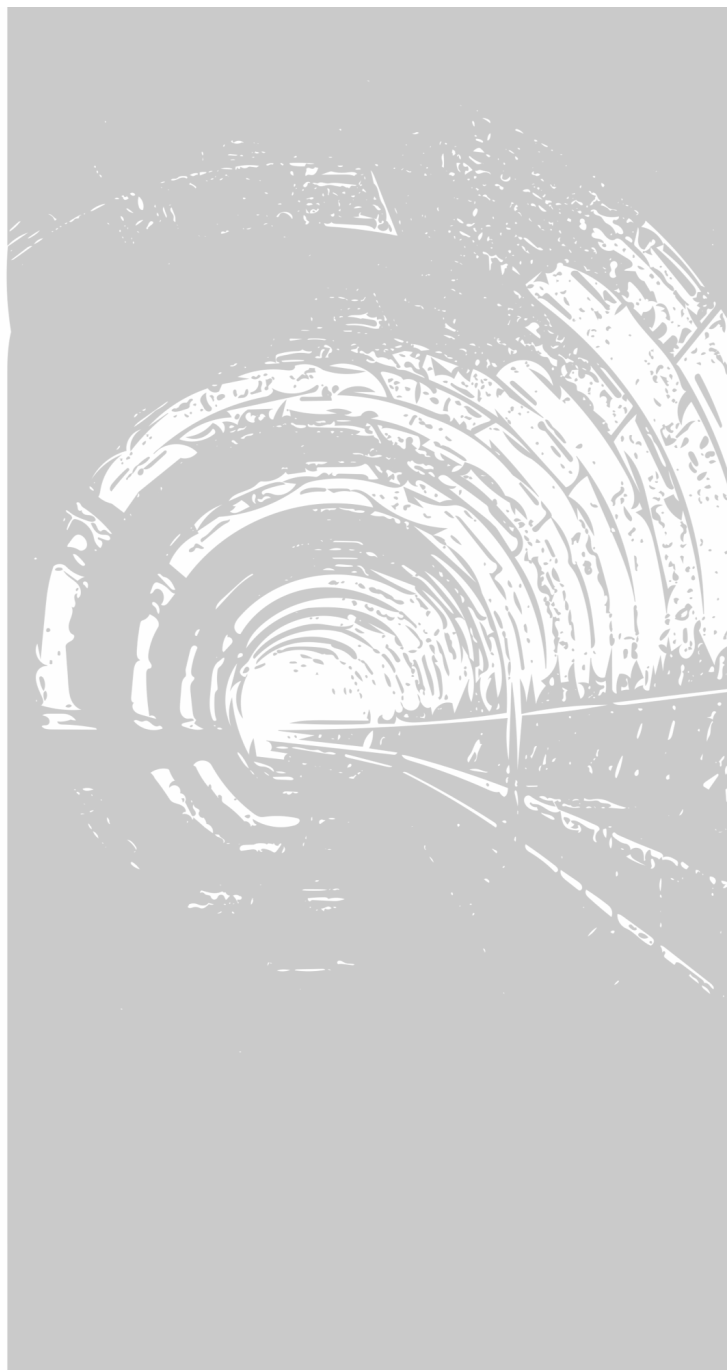
#### Florence

Even when he came with the other people traveling to the station, it filled him with wonder. There was nothing glamorous about the station, but as they say, the best comes last, and so it was. He could feel a sort of energy stream emanating from the place. It was alive here. Already from a distance, the rhythm of some music echoed through





the tunnel. Fortunately, she was also OBJ alive, like at the bridge station. The radioactivity was up to his neck. He climbed onto the platform and continued closer to the crowded place at the top of the two-sided staircase leading to the transfer to the next line to the upper floor of the underground space. In the middle of the elaborate cluster, one silhouette sat with a hand-crafted drum, creating a simple beat to which the other person sang and rapped. It was a girl. Beautiful. Dominika was immediately charmed. He already knew where the energy was coming from. From her. He had prepared some money to give them when the show was over. He noticed that she registered him but didn't show it. She had a lovely voice and they were brilliantly matched. After the performance, when the crowd was dispersing, Dominik approached and gave her some of the extra bills he had. She was happy. She was smiling at him.



-,,My name is Dominik." OBJ

-,,....”

-,,I really liked it."

-,,Thanks," she enjoyed his presence.

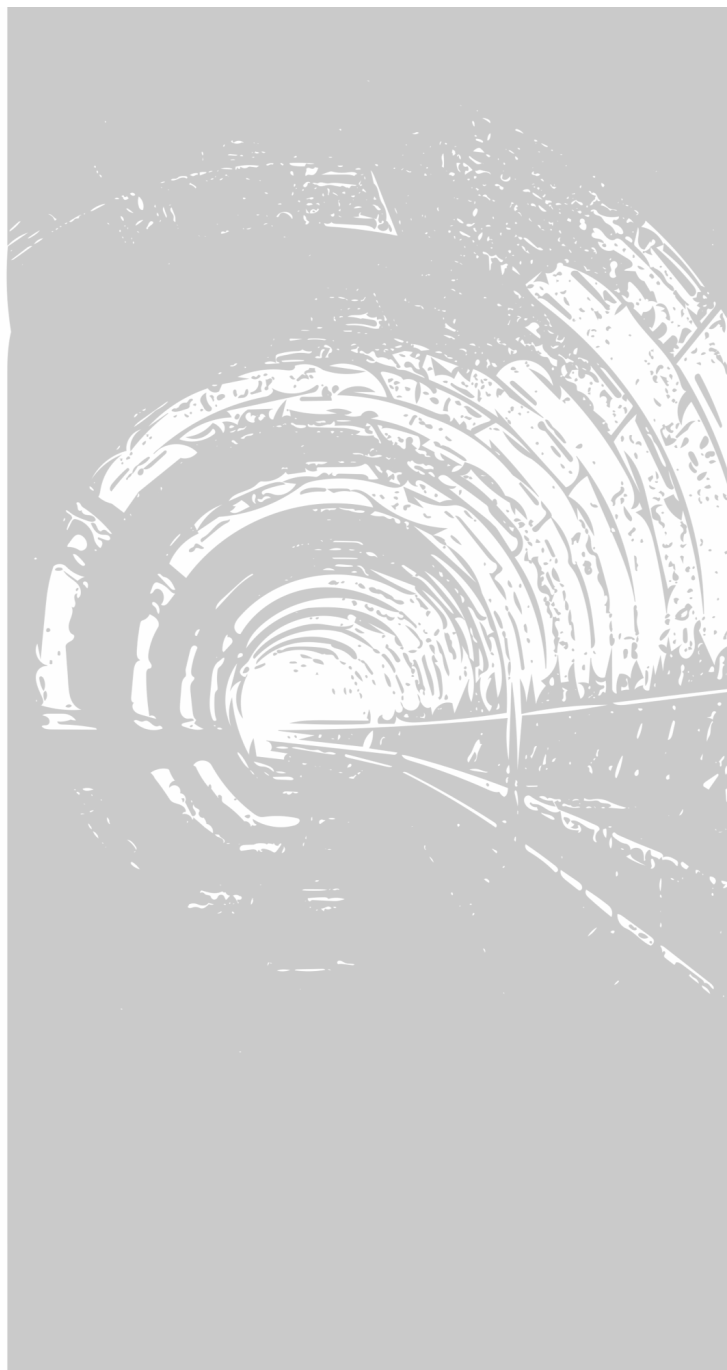
-,,I could ask you to show me around the station."

-,,Sure." So they went through the station. They talked about life in the subway and stuff like that. She was very impressed that he had recently won his position at a neighboring station. You could see that she liked him and he was happy about that. Suddenly a person walked towards them. He was a strangely dressed man instilling a bit of horror.

-,,Look, aren't you Dominik by any chance? He answered. He was taken aback.

-,,Do you know each other? She wondered. Dominik studied his face and tried to remember who he was. He was bald headed, tall with a massive build and broad shoulders.

-,,I know! Oh yeah, .... We had fun together in the center once upon a time.”



-,,We were in a graffiti crew together."<sup>[OBJ]</sup>  
Suddenly someone called her name and she looked back. It was her musician friend.

-,,I have to go now, so take care," she said goodbye and she was there immediately.

-,,Oh yeah. And we also rapped and played major."

-,,Do you still do it?

-,,No longer."

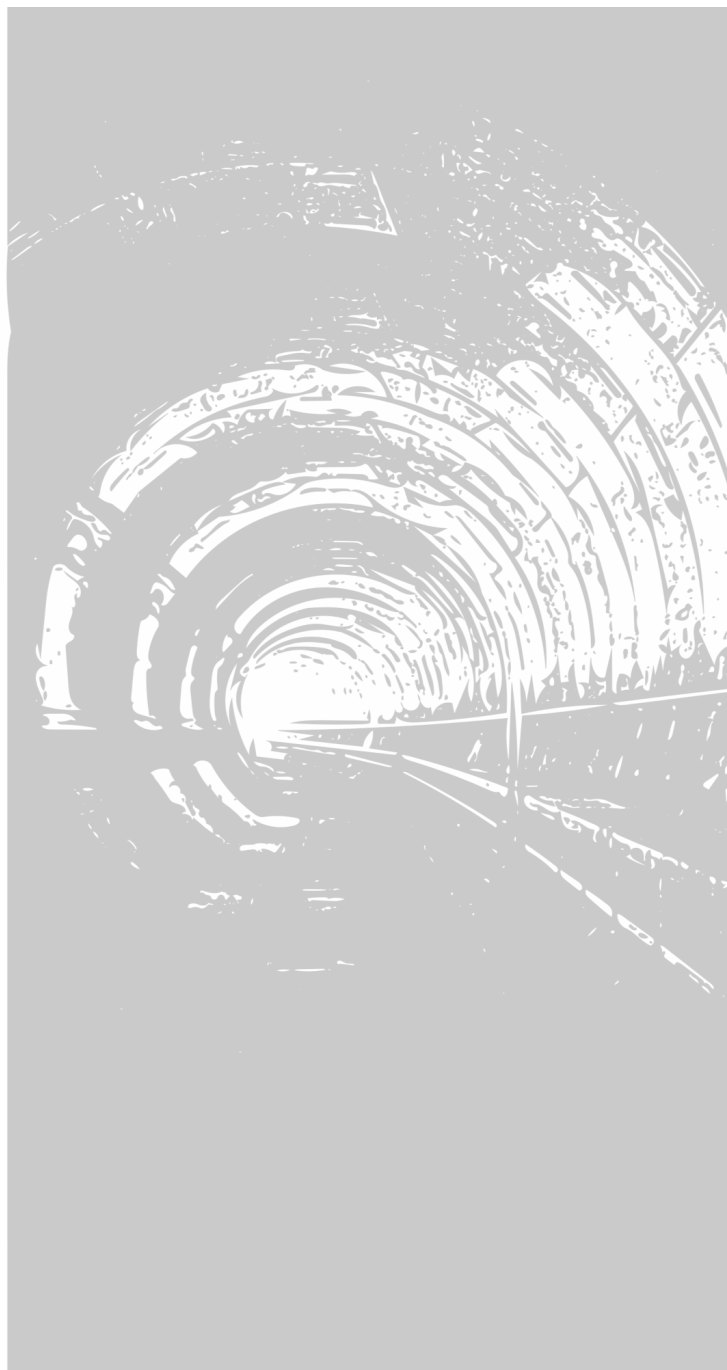
-,,It shouldn't stop there."

-,,MDMA is to blame for my altered DNA! do you remember it?"

-,,Yeah. And it is true?"

-,,I don't know, it just rhymes. In fact, it used to feel like a nuclear bomb went off in my head. Maybe that's why I was prepared for what was going to happen. And above all, thanks to her, I realized that no bomb really had to fall if it took more people. Unfortunately, those who had them in their hands didn't know that."

-,,There you go. I never thought of that



in my life. Anyway, if you want some <sup>[OBJ]</sup>  
dura, I have it."

-,,Yes, something in the vein. Thanks, I'll come," laughed Dominik.

He came back to the young lady and invited her to see him at the new station. He convinced her and they went there. He introduced her to the entire station, his split work, and then Filip and his mother.

-,,I had no idea that you were also artistically active. That is great."

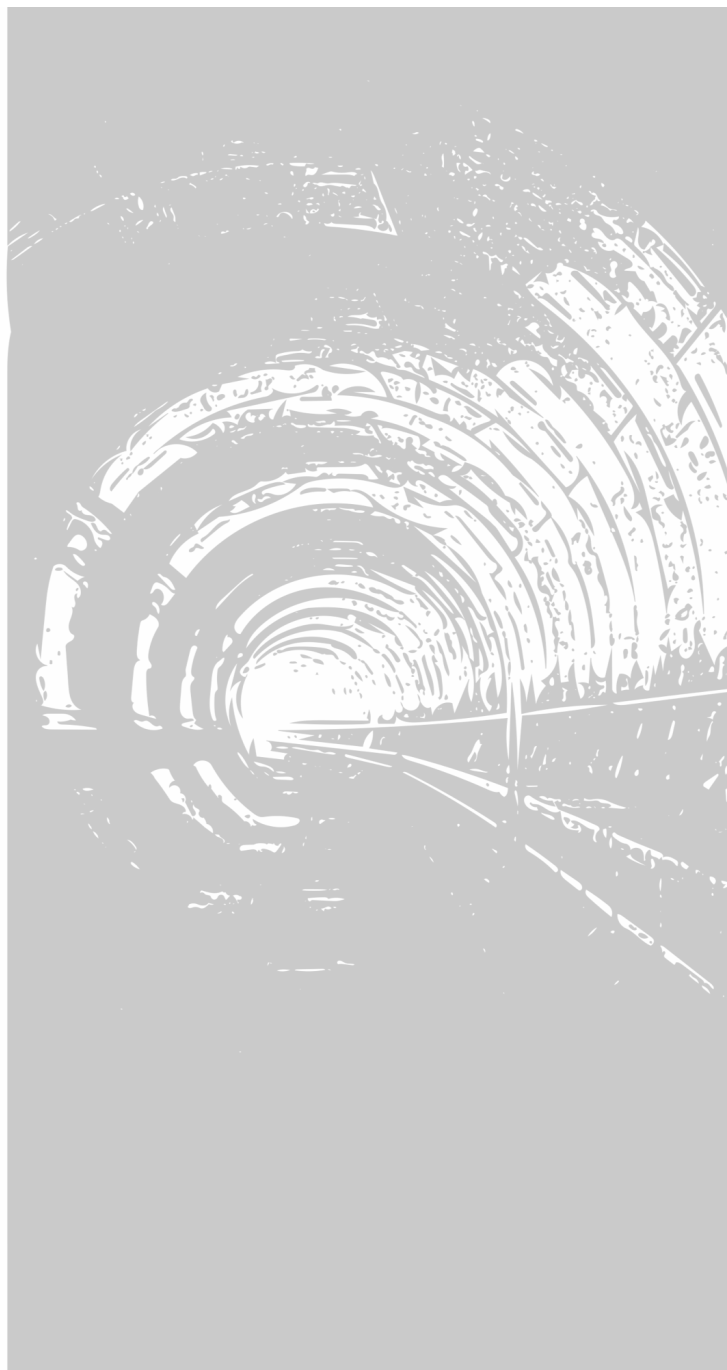
-,,Excuse him, he has to give himself an injection," mother intervened.

-,,Injection?" She wondered.

-,,I am completely born from them, I inject myself with insulin," Dominik explained immediately and untied his shirt sleeve.

-,,Come on, mom," he sat down at the table and pumped his hand to make his vein pop . The mother has already drawn the insulin into the injection. She tapped it and tested whether it would squirt





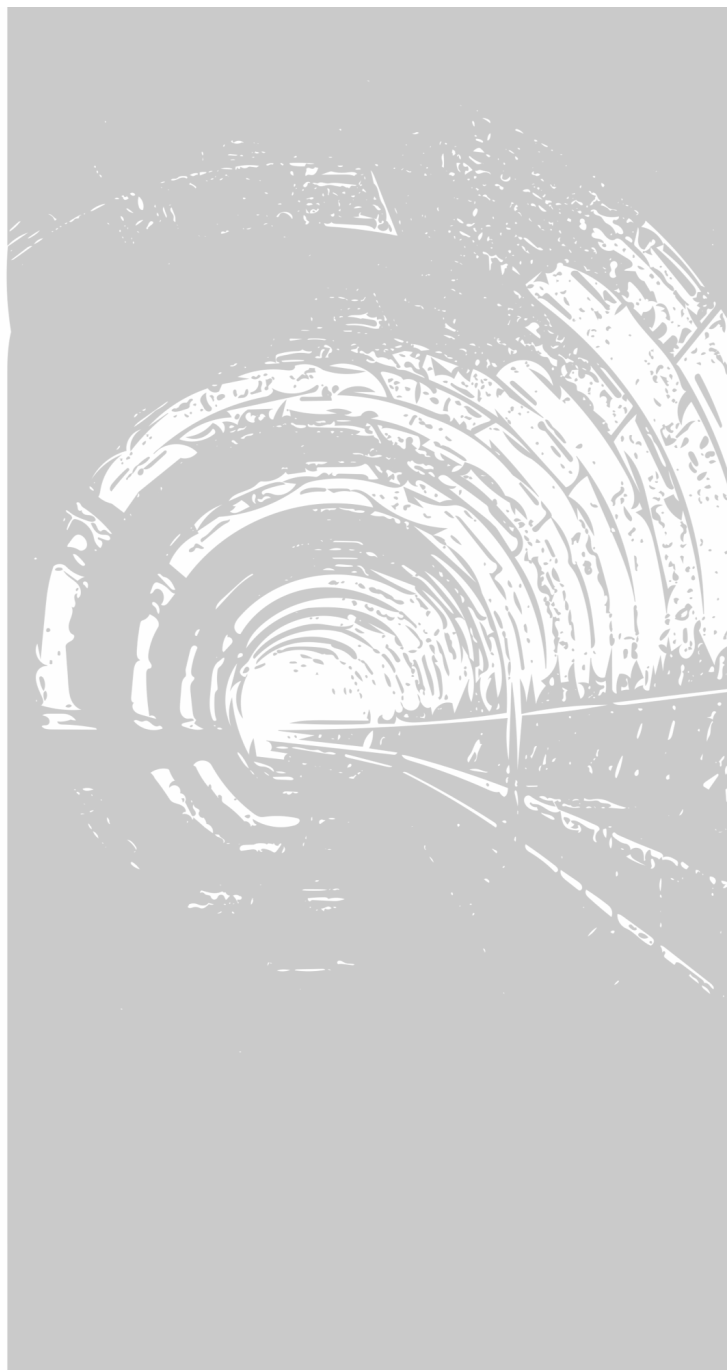
from the needle. She then injected it into his vein. At that moment, she also entered with Filip. She immediately covered her face.

-„Well, it's okay, it's over," Dominik said. Indeed, the mother stepped aside with an empty needle. Dominik started tying his shirt.

-„I just realized today that my whole life is about injections."

-„Again! Stop!" His mother shouted at him. "We're just having fun here," he replied.

-„I was conceived in a test tube. This means the needle of the syringe. My conception was artificial. The doctor was a Croat, or someone from the Mediterranean. I wanted to visit him, but after that I found out that he was found dead. He said he had a stab wound after an injection. But no one knows if he did it himself or if someone did it for him . Anyway, I take the Mediterranean blessing as a curse. At an important age, I broke my leg and had to

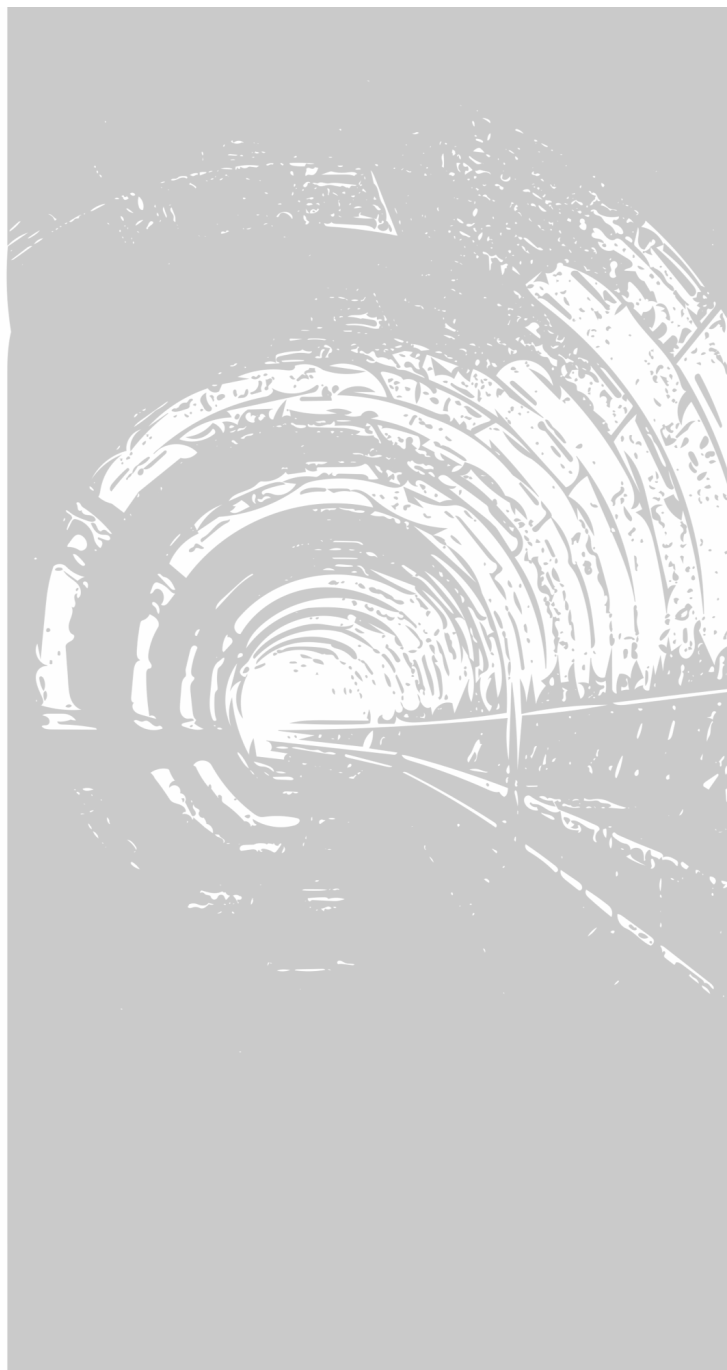


get injections in my abdomen for blood clotting. After that I somehow started taking drugs and wanted to pursue music. But she started the damn war and now we're all rotting here. I even had nightmares about lethal injections. And I also got diabetes. Fortunately, the Invisible Guide is on the way and he will help us connect the entire subway and save everyone," Dominik could not contain himself in the presence of everyone around him. At this moment he had everything. He then went to escort the young lady back to her place at the station, promising to come again. After a few days of long-lasting work on the book, he went to Florenc again. He felt great that he might regain the flow to come up with some lyrics.

-„Here you are, I was looking for you," he addressed her when he finally found her. She was crying.

-„What happened?"

-„Sorry. I had to say it, they forced me,"



she showed her bruises on her legs and OBJ

hands. Even scratches on the face. In the

next moment, a circle of shapely and



veiled silhouettes spread around them.

Someone grabbed him from behind around

the hands and waist so he couldn't

protect himself. Someone, he had the

feeling that it was either his old

acquaintance whom he had recently met

here, or the musician. He pulled out a

syringe and injected it directly into

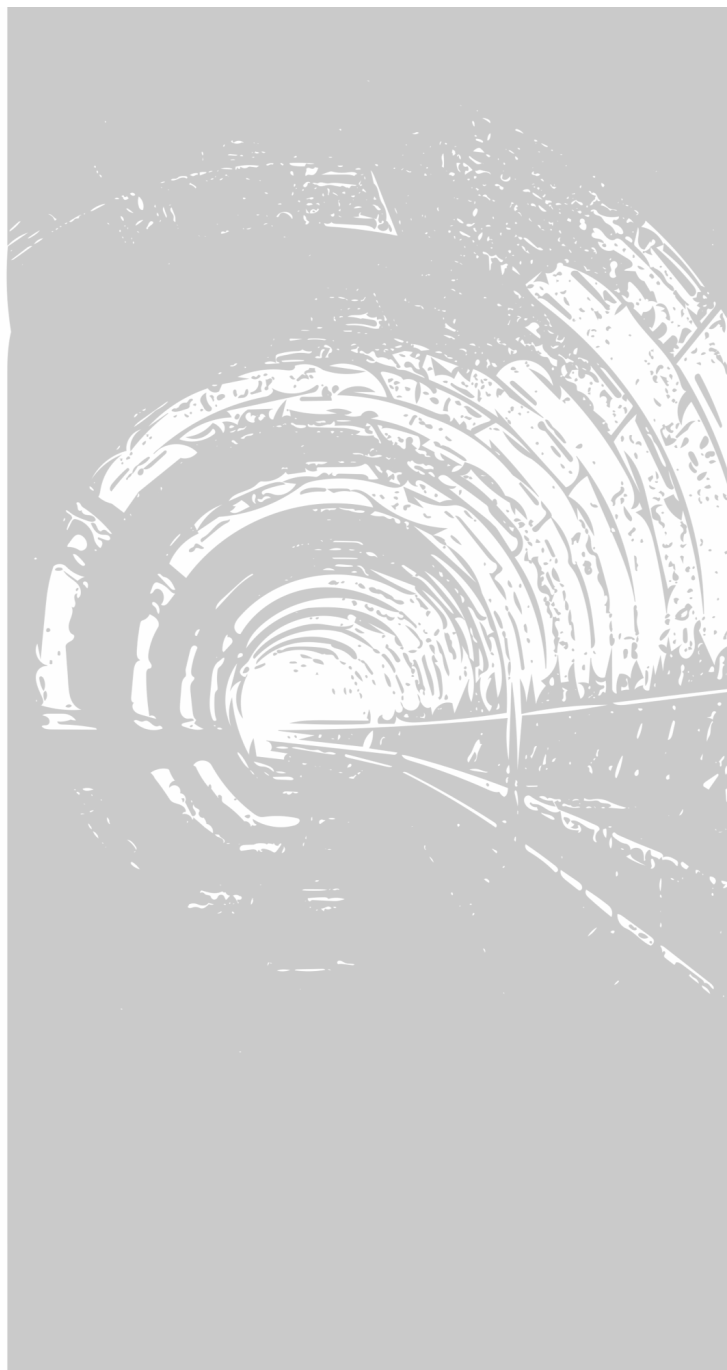


his left temple. He pressed his thumb on

its contents and Dominik froze. He then

let go of him after him and he fell limp

to the ground.



## Silo<sup>OBI</sup>

There was a silo on the outskirts of Prague. The only one in the area. It was so vast that it could be seen from far away. On it, the enormous Meindl and the dollar sign are already visible from a distance. Here, after the outbreak of war, mainly with paralytic agents, people from the surrounding area gathered inside and lived here.

Apartments were built here and every family that was saved lived in them. However, one direct descendant of the owner of this colossus lived here.

Meindl the younger. He had his radio station here, where he played songs from an earlier time, i.e. that years ago. The year was 2033, and his most popular song was always the one he played at the moment. Of course, after the disaster happened and he was forced to move inside and start a new stage of his life here, which probably won't change. He was primarily in charge of the radio



station, where he could communicate<sup>[OBJ]</sup> with the entire force outside via megaphones. However, his greatest hobby was making playlists and then playing them non-stop throughout the silo. However, he believed that he could use his radio station to establish communication with people living in the metro. Nevertheless, after a long period of listening, he himself found out that the radioactivity manifests itself in him, namely that the words of the songs influence it. Therefore, even after a longer period of continuous broadcasting, the staff living in the silo came to him to say that they would like him to turn off the radio.

-„Why would it?

He replied stubbornly.

-„Well. It is not a good influence on others.”

-„I'm begging you, music has the best influence," he claimed, even though he knew how its potential could also harm.





-,We advise you to turn it off at least<sup>OBJ</sup>

for a while." He didn't do that. He did

not perceive the words of others, only

those he heard in the songs. He found

himself in them. What didn't happen

though. It began to affect people inside

the silo to such an extent that some



also found themselves in those songs and

did what they heard in them. Chaos

broke out in the force. All of a sudden

they were as smart as radios. A few

daredevils came to him again to turn it

off. He rejected them. He didn't want to

admit that the music was to blame and

hypocritically called it nonsense. And



so the silo was literally soaked in that

radioactivity. That is, the situation

when the given song lyrics accurately

describe the given situation, or you

influenced it is creation, or it even

responds to you.



## Sewerage<sup>[OBJ]</sup>

I jumped down into the sewer under the train bridge leading from Smíchovské nádraží to Hlavní nádraží . I found access to it thanks to a similar city port, which was closer to the coastal area. From here it was enough to climb over a higher railing and then abseil two meters to the edge of the sewer outlet. I received a certain order: To examine the sewer structure here and possibly eliminate anything that could disturb it in later times. I arrived on a smaller manual boat from a ship that was in the middle of the Vltava flow. Her left flank was covered by the Imperial Island looking at her from where he was just now standing. The sun was setting on the corridor itself. There were robins hovering in the sky above me. I pulled my gas mask closer to my face. Now everything was sufficient to set off. I had a good idea that binoculars would be watching my back





from afar. Those on the ship were a very OBJ organized campaign. I scaled the railing and rappelled into a solid landing, which I braced myself against thanks to the adjustment of my leather boots. At last I was in that square eight-meter-wide channel. In the middle of it, next to me, the sewer flowed out into the contaminated water smelling of rotting fish. The sidewalk around her was about a meter and a half wide, which was enough for me to stretch properly into his middle. I pulled a handgun and an army flashlight from my backpack. I pointed my left hand with the flashlight in the crook of it, as a pad under my right hand with the gun aimed at anything that would move violently enough to scare him enough to deserve a few lead accessories. He took his first firm steps into the waste-blown blackness. The flashlight was able to reveal to him what was hidden behind the darkness. It was as visible as before,



only surrounded by the darkness of the OBJ  
surrounding walls overgrown with the  
growth of mutated mycoses that had  
multiplied here over the years. Both the  
side walls and the ceiling were  
overgrown with them. Not to mention the  
floor. Soft and slippery when stepped on.  
Slightly sticky. Hopefully non-corrosive.  
I had to prepare myself for the fact  
that this damp and dripping  
environment would haunt me for the  
entire upcoming journey. However, as it  
turned out, it was more and more  
overgrown than it seemed at first. The  
seemingly bubbling vegetation around  
seemed to grow more and more lush.  
Gradually he noticed larger and larger  
pores that seemed to breathe in and then  
breathe out indeterminate toxins.  
Fortunately, even for this case, he had  
diving goggles, which could not pass  
even the smallest amount of paralytic  
gas or any other harmful state. Deeper  
and deeper, however, he ran into more



difficult terrain, as the OBJ ever-increasing lump, as this organism was nicknamed, became increasingly slippery and sticky. When he was far enough, about 27 to 33 meters, from his rope, he noticed something unusual. Out of nowhere, a small lump peeking out of the undergrowth, but still enveloped in it, came to rest directly in front of him in the shape of some creature. Rat, rat or muskrat. That's exactly what it looked like. Suddenly, lights from this object reflected on him. Two exactly opposite between the black muzzle and a little hair around. It was the protruding head of a larger rodent, which the giant mycotic organism was now feasting on. If he didn't have high rubber soles, the sajrajt would probably have swallowed him too. It was time to check them out. They were slightly etched. Or slimy. It was hard to see through those fogged diving goggles. In addition, every now and then some drool from the upper



fungal ulcers dripped onto his hooded OBJ head. He always felt it splash against her seam and then slide down one side of the hood onto either his clothing or the ground. A cold sweat ran down his back from everything around him.

Additionally, the creature made a screeching sound. So he wasn't dead yet. The creeping organism was draining the life out of him. Therefore, the rodent must have been attacked from the inside by an annoying parasite, which must have tormented him, just like everything else, there would have been resistance from the bumpkin. At least he had that gun for something. He gives the animal a mercy stroke. He aimed and fired. A flash of flame appeared around the barrel of his gun for a second and he fired a lead bullet into the poor animal's facial area. The impact of the weapon was so strong that it blew her entire head off. He had a rather similar impression when the sound wave of the





echo hit his hearing in return. Now he<sup>[OBJ]</sup>

turned to leave. He suspected that he

would not meet anything better here. He

would only drive himself to ruin.



Motol<sup>OBJ</sup>

The elevator got stuck and opened its doors. The large space of the cabin was partly occupied by a figure in a plastic overall. Next to him stood a bed on wheels covered with a plastic sheet. He took him to the last place. He grabbed the steering wheel and pushed the cart out. He found himself in a long corridor criss-crossed by others. The sound of backup generators rumbling rushed towards him from a distance. These were located right next to the generators, behind them was the place allocated for the final rest. This is exactly where the people under the tarp ended up. Now one more. Her legs were sticking out from under her. The suit-clad figure closed the door behind them and made his way back to the radiators and the elevator. He was still waiting, motionless, wide open. His screeching door closing broke





the dead silence. He drove up to the OBJ ground floor and made his way down one of the intricate corridors of the hospital complex. Sometimes he saw them passing by in the distance. It was night, at this time you will meet a lot of people, but during the day it is busy. The former hospital center became a large but not very famous city-state. There was enough of everything here and no one wanted to leave. It was a merger of two hospital centers. The connection happened thanks to the ingenuity of their builders, who built them near each other. One of them was Na Homolce, and a little further away was a military hospital. Thanks to the connection of these two hospital centers, they essentially had sufficient independence from remote populated areas. They didn't even want to make contact with them because they knew it could disrupt internal relations. Which, of course, suited the gentlemen in the



long white coats very well. Here, they<sup>OBJ</sup> could also perform various experiments on the seriously ill or those who already had it before death or who already had it before death or who were already behind it. However, the young people here were slowly starting to realize that it was not as bad outside as it seemed at first. Near the burnt Petřín Hill. There was only one place that was more terrifying. Central Military Hospital. There were weapons, but for that it was uncomfortably quiet and desolate. The guys who got in there collected a little, but something scared them and they ran away quickly. No one knows if it's their brats so no one goes there. Still, there were brave people who went there. But after seeing it there, all they had to do was get closer, so they changed their minds. Nevertheless, the guards picked them up for going there. They did not get off easily. I saw them take out the one who came with it and



the stock of the gun. Overall, the OBJ government of these places, which look like the last human cradles of civilization, seemed to me rather tight. They kept scaring us with something. But we already found our own rules that covered our backs. We didn't climb into dangerous places. We were looking for escapes from these areas that were guarded. After finding out that people live behind the fortified areas along the hospital campus, we decided to leave the campus, but what happened, someone leaked it and chaos ensued. A few shots were even fired. Those who were in charge of running the hospitals did not want to let a single one of us escape. It would break the morale of the hospital, so they shot some of us without remorse. For those who managed to escape with me, we discovered that the entire city, even after its absolute effort, still lives its post-catastrophic way of life, which we



quickly got used to.

OBJ

### Atomic shield

It was humid but stuffy. There were too many people to fit in the shelter near the Nuselsky Bridge. When they were building this shelter, they did not realize that it was just right for the then population of the bunker's surroundings, just for the then population of the bunker hidden at the foot of the local hill. Adjacent to a rocky ridge, which served as a good foundation for the walls. Historical fortification. That cover had an inconspicuous and pitifully small





entrance. Not to mention a lot of people were left out. We did what we could, but they really didn't fit inside anymore. We heard them shouting and banging on the door, but I and my dog were so crushed in the crowd that I couldn't even move. I didn't know why people were standing around me and not moving anywhere. Only later did we find out that there was a lot more space, but in the confusion, the alleys could not be seen in the surrounding darkness. Then someone shouted.

-, „So leave the door open if we can't fit in here anyway. So we'll go when it gets too much.”

Something so absurd about the situation caused such a shudder that he had no choice but to actually open the door. Some were amused and began to laugh at all the tension, and this in turn provoked criticism, which led to the release of stress by yelling and the blaming of stress by yelling and



blaming. After a second they started to OBJ push and step on each other and when they opened the door, they saw the still warming bodies of those they closed in front of their noses. The first ones climbed out and thus let others who wanted to leave. However, one of them fell to the ground a few meters after climbing. A poisonous gas began to spread around.

-, „Rush in for the masks!”

Someone called out and those who hadn't had time to inhale the gas went back inside. We gradually found out here how the place and its mechanisms are handled, everyone found a place here, but it was not comfortable. Plus we were all traumatized. This is so hard on one's mind that one cannot overcome the mental barrier of what actually happened. Our city was bombed. Now in the shelter came food supplies. A lot of us around half the crowd put on our masks and went out. We had to be careful



with the gas. You couldn't really trust OBJ the masks or breathe in them either. I ran on the main street with the others. Back to his home with his dog, who also had his mask attached to his head. On the way, several dead were lying along the road. Burnt both from explosions and gases. One of the blocks of houses took it badly. He was torn apart, but the way it still burned inside him, it was as if a hot creature had taken up residence inside him, consuming him from that initial wound. Like poisonous sour. Gradually, the whole street, i.e. one long wall of the block, collapsed into its sides and they collapsed into the street, where I walked with a prayer on my lips that nothing would happen to my home. As I walked through the streets alone with my dog, I realized that I was the wreck that left it behind. As if humans have a natural ingrained self-destruction for self-renewal.



## Historical cellar

There, a drug addict and dura dealer escaped, who injected a golden dose of a mixture of various drugs and substances into Dominik, who died the next moment. He took away the soul of a person who had all the prerequisites and experience to unify the subway and pull people out of it to the surface and be their leader who could re-establish life on the surface. That junkie whom people called Alf was of a different persuasion. He saw Dominic as a man who wants to gain power and destroy the last place where people could live after the war. Alf wanted to avoid any systematization. He was a chaotic person. He decided to self-destruct after this heinous act, when he took away the hope of new happy and rich lives for all the residents of the metro. He was convinced that Dominik would eventually end up





like that anyway. He would surely have injected her himself. Another option would be that he would start more with the girl and that would not support his ego. In the end, they would definitely crucify him anyway, and he gave him the injection one way or another to make it easier for him. Or someone close to him would do it to him, either his mother or his friend Filip. The reason why he did it to him was because he was looking both at himself and at him. He envied him. Dominik has not drunk alcohol since he knew his coming. And his book became the subject of interest of the leading personalities of the metro. Besides, he was such a junkie. He just feted before the war. And then not anymore. One must continue it to the end, having once begun. That's how Alf set it up. I didn't care where it went. He killed him insidiously without blood. The one whose death was unnecessary, however, claimed that he used drugs for



self-knowledge and to absorb another brain into life, which then gave him meaning. Alf, on the other hand, was just looking for drugs, and for the ones he sold, he always went to a local bar to get drunk with some scumbag. He swallowed all thoughts. It was only now, when he was running into the deepest underground of Prague, that his sober thoughts began to swarm from the drunken ones. He finally realized what he had done wrong. Just because he was a weakling and instead of making an effort to think and understand what others were so fascinated by, he destroyed it. As now his broken mind and spirit were rushing confusedly and he didn't know where to go into the bowels of the ruined city with no hope for the future.

Hopefully they will both find peace of mind here.

After dark, the already consciously dead man felt a bone in the dirt covered by

the darkness in front of him. It was the jaw. Mandible. He clutched it in his fingers until it inspired him to live. She captivated him. He jumped at him from her. The idea. Man, men. Di. Bull. The golden bull of Prague's underground. He saw it right in front of him. The entire subway was built just for him and he, like a kind of god, allowed it to be open to the public. For his VI. Empire. At least that's how he saw it in his early delirium. He didn't even care if the jaw was human or animal. He started shouting with her happily. It was a victory for him. Insanely. Disgusting. Improvised. Unwanted and unexpected. And yet real to him. Drunk into the darkest delirium, from which death was the only attack. But suddenly he discovered the most deadly news. He actually injected Dominik with his golden dose. She was supposed to help him die. Now he awaited a hideous, ignominious, slow and painful death.



However, he reacted to it in his own way.  
He cut his throat with his jaw teeth.

